

Vol VIII.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, PUBLISHERS David Adams,

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00 One copy, one year, . 3.00 Two copies, one year, . \$\overline{35.00}\$

No. 369.

#### SPRING SONG.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

- I came across the south-land hills;
  I crossed the sun-kissed plains,
  And bring the birds and blossoms back,
  And pleasant April rains.
  The children laugh to hear,my step,
  And violets, through the mold,
  Peep out; and when they see my face
  Their little leaves unfold.
- I set the streamlets free again,
  And dancing on their way
  The merry music of their song
  Makes glad the world to-day.
  I coax the leaves to venture forth
  Upon the apple-trees,
  And open all the crocus-cups
  To tempt the honey-bees
- To tempt the honey-bees.
- I find the little flowers that sleep
  Beneath the leaves of fall,
  And tell them it is time to wake,
  And hear the robin's call.
  And every little blossom stirs
  Beneath the sweet, warm rain;
  Oh! all the world is glad to-day
  That April's come again!

## The Girl Rivals;

#### THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

SPREADING SNARES FOR GLITTERING WINGS.

ONE of the three friends who had been with Otis Garner at the club, the night of the famous wager, was something worse than a young fellow "sowing his wild oats," which was the worst that could be said of the remainder of the quartette.

The only one of the four who had not been spoiled by the indulgence of rich relatives, "Brummell" Pomeroy had never possessed any good qualities to be perverted. any good qualities to be perverted. Nature had spoiled him in the making, having been nearly out of moral qualities when she compounded his heart and brain. He was an adventurer by profession; it was his business to make friendships with very young, very rich men, and to get his living out of them. Not over twenty-six or eight himself, at the time of the adventure from the steps of the Tremont, he knew how to command the confidence and admiration of fellows like Otis Garner. In the first place, he dressed always to such absolute perfection and with such consummate taste, that he was their envy and their wonder. This talent had gained him the sobriquet of Brummell, the initial of his given name being B.—probably for Benjamin; he never wrote it in full. Then, he understood all there was to understand about wines, about cards, about horses; if his intimates were to believe himand they generally did-he was also very wise en, and an immense favorite with them. All these accomplishments being of a kind to demand the admiration of his companions, they did admire him, and thought it a fine thing to be considered confidential friends

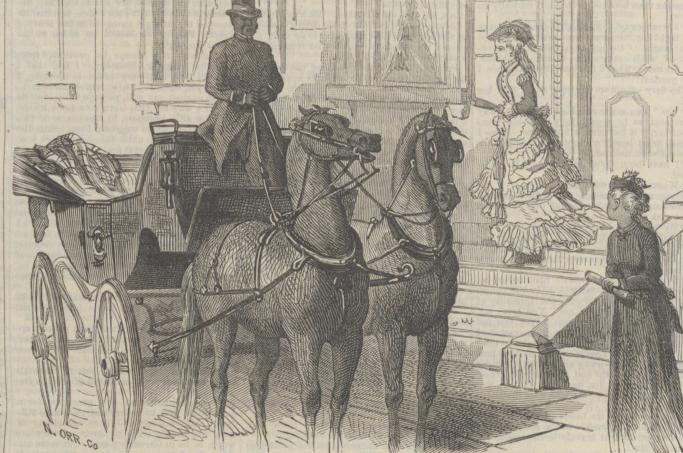
Without having any personal beauty, except a tall figure, Brummell had the reputation of great elegance, and was called a handsome man. His eyes were small, of no particular color, and close together. His nose was long, his forehead low, his mouth wide; but, he had a well cared for mustache, waxed after a foreign fashion, which partially concealed his disagreeable lips. His hands and feet, though long, were slender, and looked well in immaculate gloves and boots.

He had been the most amused of any at the spirited way in which young Garner had fulfilled his word of honor as to the wager. Also, he had most closely observed the innocence and beauty of the poor girl who had been its Those small, light eyes of his had feasted themselves on every particular of the childish, sweet loveliness of the little bride who had stood at the altar with his friend. During the following week he had contrived-how, Garner himself could not have told, for it was his intention to keep it a sacred secret from all

-to get the address of the bride's mother. Consequently, it followed that—when the crash came about the unfortunate young man's ears, and he was disinherited, and finally left the city—this intimate friend of his, alone of all his acquaintances, knew where the little bride lived perdu. Not a word of his knowledge did he breathe to any other.

But, not long after Otis Garner left for New York, it came to be an almost daily occurrence for Brummell Pomeroy to walk once or twice lace and her daughter dwelt.

He often met his friend's deserted bride going out or coming in; for very shortly after Otis Garner left Boston, little Mildred resumed her work of giving music-lessons to the two or three little girls whose mothers employed the incompetent young thing because she was Mildred could not help noticing one whose surpassing elegance made him doubly conspicuous in such a place; but, she did not associate him with Otis; nor did she ever dream that these promenades had any connection with I worship them!" her humble self. She puzzled herself for a



A girl, very nearly as young as herself, but tall and dark, and oh! so splendidly beautiful!

in some other direction, for she did not like

having to pass and repass him so often. He always scanned her so closely; it was emeye, he bowed, or lifted his hat; but so serious ly, so respectfully, she could take no offense. gave him the coldest possible little nod in return; and that was as far as their acquaint-

ance progressed for some time. As we know, young Garner left his wife quite a little sum of money, beside the rich presents he had lavished on her. Fifteen hundred dollars, in her eyes, was a small fortune. She meant—now that he was poor—to spend it very, very prudently; but, when week after week went by, and she had no word from him, except the first two or three brief, coldly-courteous notes he had sent her in the last fortnight she began to realize that he did, indeed, mean to leave her utterly. Bearing his name—bound to him—her title of wife was to prove an idle mockery. In his last brief letter had been another suggestion that three years of willful absence on his part would give her the right to regain her liberty, coupled with formal regrets that his wild freak in marrying her must keep her so long from the love and admiration of such other suitors as one so love

ly and amiable was sure to have Not a breath of affection from his lips; not a hint that their relations could ever be more intimate: not an idea, that in marrying her he had already secured her love-her fondest, deepest love, not for a day or a year, but for a

When Mildred had read it, the soft blush on her cheek when she opened it had faded to a

"He is bound to get rid of me. He bitterly repents the 'wild freak' which made me his Oh, I repent it, too! Oh, I repent the foolish consent so quickly won! Not on my own ac count—no, for I would suffer a life of solitude just to live on the memory of those sweet halfhours when he came to see me!—but on his. He wishes to be free. Ah me! poor little Mil-He is ashamed of you—he cannot love you! Perhaps he loves another! Yes, I am sure of it. What was that the paper said about his uncle's plans for his marriage with a beautiful cousin? Perhaps he loves this beautiful cousin! Perhaps she returns his love. it were not for me, he would not be driven from his home and from her presence. She lived in the same house with him—their uncle of an afternoon up and down the humble but respectable court in which the Widow Love- I am the miserable little upstart who has spoil-'jumped at the chance' to marry this rich young gentleman. 'It is a proper punishment on me that he is disinherited and as treated me with contempt since the hour he kept his word to his friends! Oh, yes, yes, yes! I acknowledge all. I wish I could die and get out of the way-miserable little marplot that I am!

But, I love him-I love him-I love him! "That proud lady-cousin will never worship his very shadow—the echo of his footstep—as

Yet Mildred, childish and unworldly as she

Nature | few days, after encountering him so frequent- | was, had pride. She resolved that she would | "Is she sorry, or is she glad, that, by his

every penny of it. They shall see that I am not the mercenary creature they say I am. I did think it would be pleasant to be able to give mamma all she needs: but I loved him, or less creature would not have said 'yes.' He seemed to me so beautiful, so superior! I thought Heaven to take care of poor little me, when mamma

was dead and gone. So she resumed her lessons to the three or four small pupils, living even more sparingly than before, except that she disposed of some of the costly trifles Otis had given her, and bought luxuries for her mother, whose health, now that winter had set in, grew worse from

And, to feed her starving heart with the thought that she was Otis Garner's bride, she would dress herself-late in the afternoon, when she had no more errands out of doorsin some one of the silken robes he had bought her, clasp his pearls about her slender neck, fasten up her shining hair with the diamondpray, and sit and dream wild dreams about her fairy prince-wild, sweet, impossible dreams.

At the same time a passionate desire took session of her to see her rival—this beautiful cousin, the flower of the proud old Garner amily. She found out the splendid mansion of the Garners; and fell into a habit, when her last lesson of the day was through with, of gong home by way of that street, no matter how

far out of the way it took her.

The third time she passed the house the Garer carriage, with its black coachman, in dark blue livery, and black horses sumptuous with

She recognized the coat-of-arms on the panof the door, for she had seen it on the quaint ld seal which Otis had once shown her. walked quickly on a few rods further—then turned and came slowly back.

guarded steps of the house. Mildred, walking very slowly by, had a good opportunity for as herself, but tall and dark, and oh! so splen-

Mildred's great, childish, violet eyes fell, eager as they were, when the bright glance of the superb young beauty chanced to encounter their earnest observation. How like a princess, "to the manor born," the heiress glided down the steps, floated across the pavement, and entered the luxurious carriage whose door was held open for her by another liveried

How her velvets, and laces, and flowers came her, as the rich feathers of the tropical bird become it! What a dainty little hand. with a pearl-colored glove which fitted like the chief, on the amber satin of the carriage-cush ons, as she gave some directions-in a voice musical as the breathings of the "lovely lute -to the coachman.

But was there—or was there not—just a shadow over that brilliant face? as if the girl possibly thought of some loss or grief? Mil-

Mildred could not answer her own questions; but she went home, a thousand times more melancholy than before she had seen this peer-

"No study, no toil, no endeavor, will ever the so beautiful, so superior! I thought Heaven ad answered my prayer to send ma a friend pride, and high-bred ease; while I am constrained, and humble, and poor. No wonder that he despises me! Oh, prince! Your poor little Mildred is but the owly violet for you to set your foot upon.

She is your fitting mate. I see it-I feel it." Then, out of her very despair, there arose, in Mildred's soul, a mighty resolve to make herself a lady and meet companion for him whose

"I will take her for my example," thought the poor child. "I will steal a look at her as

often as I dare. I will notice her dress, her movements, her way of doing this and that. will try to be as like her as possible. Yet I shall be ridiculous when she is incomparable. Nevertheless, I will try. I love him-and I She spoke the last words aloud, as she hur-

ried homeward, and she set her tiny foot on the pavement with a resolute tap. She had n so engrossed with her own thoughts that she had noticed nothing. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Garner," said a

She stopped, startled and blushing to be It was the gentleman she had passed so many

He stood, most respectfully soliciting her

attention; though the day was cold he held his hat in his hand. "Will you excuse my speaking to you with-

out an introduction, and on the street?" he began, most beseechingly and courteously. fact is, Mrs. Garner, I am deeply anxious to hear from Mr. Garner. We are intimate-very intimate-friends, if you will believe me brothers, almost; yet he has given us all the slip. We, who are so fond of him, and so anxious to prove our friendship, have not even his present address. Will you be so good as to favor me with it?" and returning his hat to his head, he took out note-book and pencil,

"Ah, I see, Mrs. Garner; you are very prop-

erly cautious. Of course, you know your husband's address, but you will not give it to a stranger. Here is my card—B. Pomerov. You must have heard him speak of me. mel,'he calls me—a joke of his."
"I do not remember his speaking of you.

But then," added Mildred, looking up with an artless blush, and sad smile, "that is not strange. Our acquaintance was so short.'

"Yes, yes, I know. Why, my dear, dear lady. I was one of the four who laid down the Honoria's thoughts of her cousin. When she wager; I saw you two meet; I saw you two married. A wild frolic, perhaps, but it ended tery, yet he drew a splendid prize. We all envied him when we saw the bride."

"I scarcely think he was to be envied, Mr. Pomeroy," said little Mildred, with a blending of humility and dignity very sweet and touch-

ing to see, and she attempted to pass him.

"One moment, please. Yes, I know, I know—lost the old uncle's money—for a time, only, I dare say—but gained a prize richly worth the whole of it."

"My husband does not seem to think so, sir," responded Mildred. "My mother will be looking for me, Mr. Pomeroy. I would like to oblige you, but I have not heard from Mr. Garner for some time. He is in New York. I cannot tell you the street or number of his

"Ten thousand thanks! If I hear from him soon, I shall take the liberty of letting you know," and with another profound bow, he

The little twelve-year-old maid whom Mrs. Lovelace kept to do their roughest work and to wait upon her in her daughter's absence, met Mildred at the door with word that her mother was worse. This alarming news ban-ished the thick-thronging fancies about the beautiful cousin and the strange gentleman from Mildred's mind for that evening.

But the mother got better, and the old dreams filled again the mind of the deserted

And one week from the day on which he had addressed her, at meeting her on the street, Mr. Brummell Pomeroy called and sent in his card, by the little maid, to Mrs. Lovelace and Mrs. Garner.

"He has news of him!" cried Mildred, and she met the man of duplicity at the door of their modest parlor, a glow on her cheek and fire in her eye and smile on her lip that made the artless little wife as beautiful as some

The false-hearted man of the world knew that bright look was not called up by pleasure at seeing him; but he resolved, then and there, that the time should come when he would have

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HANDWRITING AFTER DEATH.

It was Christmas night—the first Christmas after the mad marriage which had sent Otis Garner to wander over the earth a ruined and aimless man-and the great house of the Garlaze with light from basement to attic. Yet there was no merry-making going on in the old mansion. There was not even one guest to break the silence which reigned through the illuminated splendor of the drawing-room. The servants had lighted up the rooms, according to custom; but not for reception of troops of joyous friends and rela-

Old Mr. Garner was no exception to a common rule—that as a man grows older and colder and richer his friends fall away. Not but that he had an army of admirers who would fain be intimate with him; but he kept these at their distance-admirers, sharers at times of a sumptuous hospitality, but not heart-friends. And since the bright, gay, handsome, faulty boy, on whom he had lavished nearly all that was left of his withering affections, had so cruelly disappointed him—and since he had driven this boy from his heart and home—the old man had felt little disposed for empty shows of gayety. Crowds of idle pleasure-seekers were no longer invited to dance and chatter and feast under his princely

Did he forget his young niece, and that life was not all over with her?—that she might crave the stimulus of gay society? No. Honoria was not a boy—she did not bear the Garner name—she never could be to him what

Nevertheless, he remembered her—that she vas his niece and his heiress; and that society had claims on her. More than once he had offered to give her a grand ball or more modest German. But Honoria herself had refused. What was the matter with her, that the young beauty shrank, almost as much as the uncle, from the fashionable dissipations of the season?

There were dozens of young scions of the bluest blood of Boston who were pining for an opportunity to declare in what high esteem they held her: i.e., her beauty, rank and for-

Yet she remained indifferent to the triumphs in store for her the moment she might deign to accept them.

That perverse quality of human nature head, he took out note-book and pencil. which makes an object dear in proportion as it 'Indeed, sir, I am sorry, but I do not know is unattainable, had suddenly, in the hour in

which she heard him declare himself married, given to her cousin Otis a charm and power he had never before had for her. minded Honoria was so wicked as to knowing ly cherish a love for one lost to her by marriage with another; on the contrary, she made very effort to put him out of her thoughts. Did vou ever attempt, on a sultry summer

day, to brush away a fly that annoys you? Then, you know, that the more attention you give the buzzing insect, the more persistently will he return to the attack. So it was with knew him her slave and lover, she gave small heed to thoughts of him that might hum drowcharmingly. We all considered our friend silv about her; but now that such thoughts Garner a lucky fellow! It was a frightful lot- must be brushed away, behold! they return

and return to trouble and annov. In the shock and surprise of his avowed

marriage, she, for the first time, felt that she loved him with whom she had so carelessly trifled. Now that she had lost him she realized how dear he had grown, through months and years of companionship. Otis had his faults never mind! she could have reformed them. Otis was not wise, or prudent, or very intel-lectual, or very good; she had imagined finer ideals of a man-never mind! she loved himloved his very faults and follies!

Oh, that she had known her own heart

In the three long months since, casting that wild look of farewell into her troubled eyes. he had gone away, she had found enough to do to study how to forget him as a lover and learn on her way to the piano, pretending carelessto serve him as a friend.

She knew to a certainty almost nothing about Otis since his departure. She had heard a rumor that he was in New York; she had heard from some source-she could not trace it—that he had never been near the poor girl whom he married since the hour they stood at the altar together—that was all. Whether this rumor was true-what was the girl's name-who sh was, where she lived. how she looked, acted, what she knew-thi was all a blank to Honoria. She had formed in her mind an idea of what this girl was like Bold and unblushing she must be, or she never would have taken up with such an offer coarse, ignorant, impudent, ungrateful; with the rude beauty of the factory girl-for some one, somewhere, had averred that the bride was handsome This was the image of her cousin's wife which presented itself to Honoria whenever she thought of her. It was seldom that any pity for the girl softened the severity of the proud heiress' condemnation. Her pity her tenderness, were all for the wayward, frolicsome cousin whose high spirits, and the temptations of bad company, had led him into know. this fatal folly.

It was Christmas night, as we said; the stately dinner in the great dining-room was over, and the two, who had partaken very lightly of its long succession of luxurious dishes, were now in the brilliant drawing-

Mr. Garner sat by a small table drawn up in front of the silver-barred grate, where a

golden fire nestled cosily. His "lean and slippered" feet were stretch ed toward its comfortable warmth; his eyes were on the heart of the golden fire, though a book, half-dropping from his hand, gave pre text of occupation.

On Christmas night what can an old man do

but think of by-gone Christmas nights? Honoria, curled up in a corner of a sofa, watched him from a distance. Perhaps she cried a little, for something round and bright sparkled in the sudden upleaping of a rosy jet of flame in the grate, as she lifted her face and looked longingly at the old man dreaming

A moment more and she was at his feet.

"Uncle, dear, dear uncle!" "Well, my child?"

"We are so lonely!" "Oh! we are?"

"Yes, uncle, you are lonely too! I can see it in your face! Forgive poor Otis, uncle! Oh forgive him, and send for him to come home!

With his bride out of the streets?" "Oh, not out of the streets, dear uncle-she was a music-teacher; she may be good and lovable-we do not know. ('and I do not think it! to herself) and, at all events, they say he is not living with her-never has lived with

The eager, beautiful eyes were upturned to the old man's; her soft little hands were clasped over his knee; he looked quietly down into

the dark, blooming face, and said, slowly "Would you have me re-make my will yet a third time, Honoria? If Otis is forgiven, and comes back to this as his home, he must have the property left to him as at first designed. Reflect! You will no longer have the inand gone, now. Are you willing to give up your own prospects to Otis-and to Otis'

wife? "There is enough for all of us, dear uncle." "I have not built up this fortune as patiently as I have, to break it in pieces over my a stranger to you." grave. It is my pride, my ambition, to keep it together in one great whole, as it now is, Therefore I shall not leave it to two, three, or | with these, and promised to try again to soften

Leave it all to my cousin, then. I prefer he shall have it.'

"Not so, Honoria. The man who will do an act so utterly unwise and rash as he did, is unfit to have the control of such a fortune. Rather, let me trust it to the small hands of my girl-niece-with such promises as will prevent her from at once giving it all away."

"Let us not talk of the money, uncle dear; you have many years of vigorous life yet before you, in which to take charge of your But, forgive poor Otis, his folly. Send for him. I know you will be happier, uncle. Think! perhaps your harshness is driving him him desperate. Oh, I fret about him night and day.

"The Bible says, Honoria, 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,' it is good advice; take it. Remember you are but seventeen, and do not seek to give advice to your elders. Here, child, I did not intend to make you cry. But my mind is made up about Otis, and I shall not change it without better reason than I have yet seen for doing so. Come, come! dry your eyes and go to the piano and sing me some of the old ballads that you know I like!"

Her uncle seemed a hard and a grim old man to Honoria just then—though his Christmas gift of pearls and diamonds had cost many dollars, and lay glittering in her hair, her tiny ears, and about her stately neck, as a testimony to his generosity—but she wiped her eyes as he bade her, and went to the in another part of the country

This instrument stood in the music-room at the end of the long drawing-room, and separated from it by heavy silk curtains, which slipped back on gilded rings at pleasure. Honoria drew them wide apart so that her uncle might listen to the music at his ease. As she did so she started and gave a little scream.

What is it?" asked the old man by the fire,

"Nothing-nothing at all, dear uncle! I must be growing nervous since even shadows frighten me," and with a little laugh she sat down to the piano

Her voice trembled on the first verse of her first song; but she soon mastered it, and it swelled out sweet, plaintive, and soul-thrilling, giving a depth of feeling to the simple words of the old ballads, and chaining the heart of the listener to old scenes, old memories, old days, when a girl fairer than this one, sung these same sweet | real, wonderful, blissful weeks - when he came songs, while he sat by and listened, and loved, and would not tell his love because the singer's name was too lowly to fitly mate the lofty one his wife." of Garner. The Garner pride, so strong even in youth, was not less powerful now; the boy ray herself in the white satin and lace dress

mesalliance-he would have no more to do with him.

Not a breath whispered to the old man the truth, that this same reckless "boy" that moment, lurking behind the curtains of the music-room, having sought the house with a faint hope that by this time his folly was pardoned; but who, hearing the sharp words replied to his cousin's unselfish petition, had shrunk back into the shadows of the musicroom, resolved not to betray himself to the

stern judge. Honoria had seen him, and, at the same moment, the signal of silence which he made; and so, trembling and anxious, had continued

Perhaps for a long hour Honoria sung and played; then, with a weary sigh her uncle arose, thanked her, rung the bell for his per-sonal attendant, and still sighing, climbed the broad, velvet-covered stairs to his own room.

"Now?" cried Honoria, as master and man went into the room above, rising from the stool and going toward the intruder, who also arose and met her half-way.

"I came from New York to-day, cousin. am tired and homesick. I felt that I must see you again. I am penniless, too. It is hard to earn money when you have not been trained to it. I hoped uncle had repented his harshness, and would, at least, give me something to do in the counting-room, but I heard what he said to you to-night. He is merciless. Well, be it so. But you, Honoria, you are all tenderness and generosity! I shall never forget your plea in my behalf to-night. God

"How did you get into the house, Otis?" she asked, more because she desired to hide her agitation than because she had any curiosity to

"I went away so suddenly I forgot to leave my night-key," he answered, with an attempt at a laugh. "Do not be afraid of me, howat a laugh. "Do not be afraid of me, however—I shall never come to rob the house Oh, Honoria, what a lifetime it seems since I saw vou last!'

The fiery eyes were burning down into her

"Yes," she answered him, drawing away from him, as he would have put his arms about her, "it has been a long time. We--have been lonely without you. The place "I have been dying to see you," he whis-

"Where is your wife, Otis?"

Some subtle instinct to defend herself against any love-making on his part prompted

her to ask the question.
"My wife! My God, what a mockery you make of that word, cousin! Is that girl my wife? Must that mummery bind us forever? "Do you call mummery the solemn words spoken at the altar?'

"In my case they were She never has been—never will be my wife. In the course of time she will go through the formality of getting a divorce from me. You love me, Honoria, even as I love you. Will you not promise me to wait until that time comes? I came here; more to get your promise to that, than for any other reason. Give me that promise, and I will go away and make one more earnest effort to help and raise myself. You will do that much for me, will you not, my sweet-my only love-my true wife that is to

be, some day? She pulled away the hands he held so tight they were almost crushed in his clasp, looking him sorrowfully but bravely in the face as she He sent me these flowers this morning.

'No, Otis, I will make no promise to you while that woman lives. I am your friendyour true, warm, earnest friend. But she is You must never speak to me in this manner

understand me," he cried, imwife, you would have had. All that is over patiently. "I do not want you to say any- Mildred, and even as she asked the question her proudly, my little lady; do not be cast down thing wrong—only to promise for the future. "We must not deceive ourselves, Otis.

are blind, or trying to make yourself out so. dred times that day.

Once more, I am your friend. Try to make "Mrs. Garner, you me more than that, and I will be nothing but

her his business troubles. She sympathized their uncle's displeasure; she was kind, angelic in her gentle tenderness—but she would allow no more of those burning, foolish, almost wicked words with which he had begun.

At last the bells tolled midnight; promising him to meet him on the Common the following afternoon, she let him softly out of the door into the street.

She did not keep this appointment. When another morning dawned there had been a town?" stranger visitor at the old Garner mansion stolen to the music-room to meet her whom he This visitor had no latch-key; but he ternoon.' entered, nevertheless; and when he went away Despair may make he did not go alone; the soul of the millionaire went with him, leaving houses and lands and stocks and gold behind forever

When the servant entered Mr. Garner's room, on the following morning, he found his master dead in bed. Whether the disappointment consequent on the conduct of his nephew had aught to do with hurrying this sad event, cannot be certainly known

property was bequeathed to his niece, Honoria Appleton, with this proviso: that she was never to share it with her cousin, Otis Garner. The gift of any portion of the estate, or of any sum of money, or any jewels or personal property, to this Otis, would render the who will void; and in that case the estate should go

So did the implacable old man perpetuate his anger. The name, signed firmly to that unjust will. made it impossible for Honoria to follow the

impulse of her heart, and made her wretched. CHAPTER IX.

POISONED FLOWERS. LITTLE Mildred sat alone in her humble sitting-room on New Year's night; her mother, growing more and more feeble, now seldom left her bedroom, unless for two or three hours

at mid-day. dress made a strange contrast to her surroundings. On this night, in her sorrow and her forlornness, she had indulged in her fancy to fot have made any trouble." wear the rich raiment her husband had given her during those few weeks-those bright, unevery day "to make the acquaintance," as he "of 'this sweet stranger, whom he called

To-night she had even gone so far as to arhe loved had disgraced himself by a shameful in which she had been married. There, in the Do you love to be cruel?"

poor little room, she sat, pale, sad, lovely, like Cinderella awaiting her godmother's coach-and-

four. The glistening bridal robe fell richly about graceful neck, bracelets about her white arms: out, instead of the bridal vail, she had taken down her long, bright hair and shaken it out ike some nymph of the sea, dressed in the silver and pearl of its caves, and sitting in the nidst of a golden fountain.

Surely, surely, had the proud old man, now beheld this delicate young creature, in her in-cocence and her loveliness, he would not have so relentlessly punished his nephew for his rash uncle is dead?" nocence and her loveliness, he would not bave

But he never had seen her, and now-it was too late. She sat there, alone, with pale cheeks, but bright, wide, expectant eyes, holding in her small hands a most exquisite large bouquet of cut flowers, whose perfume filled the room. These flowers had come to her that Christmas. His will settles matters pretty morning; a messenger had left them with the little maid-of-all-work; there was no card at-Mildred, her heart leaping high in her breast, took it for granted that Mr. Garner had remercy, after all?" turned to Boston and had sent these lovely blossoms as a token that he would call upon her some time that day.

All day she had waited. Restless as some brilliant humming-bird she him. had flitted about her mother, or darted to the window, until the dark came and she was pale and tired-looking and waiting. At twilight the thought had come to her to robe herself in prevented her marrying." her wedding-dress; and now she sat, pale, im-

ed came from him. Ah, she was not mistaken! He was coming! wered the summons—in another moment she

would see him, hear his voice. Starting to her feet, clasping the roses to marrying him, Mr. Pomeroy. and a vivid blush stole over her pale cheeks, she stood there, in her glistening, glimmering, snow-white wedding-dress, like some spirit of take flight-all her soul on her trembling lips or three years, as he opened, and she saw, instead of her husband-Brummell Pomeroy.

The shock of the disappointment was too by a galling chain!"
reat for her to conceal it. She turned paler "You are right, Mrs. Garner. I honor your great for her to conceal it. She turned paler than her dress and sunk down again into her

chair without speaking one word. was, stood still a full minute, dazzled by the unexpected vision of beauty and joy, for Millred's look had been one of rapturous expectaion as he came in. He had never before seen her in the dress and jewels which her husband had given her; he had expected to meet a very, very pretty, innocent, shy, embarrassed I think of him." girl—but not this radiant creature! "You forget.

of thinking the smile, the blush, the radiance Mr. Pomerov?" were for him! Then he saw the bitter disappointment, the pale reaction—and comprehe ed the situation. Biting his lips, he repressed his annoyance as best he might, and waited.

looking for-for-some one else." 'Ay, Mrs. Garner, and some one else will not be here to-night. Let me prophesy that." "I am sure he will. He is in town-see!

"My dear Mrs. Garner," said the gentleman -who had been so kind to the deserted wife. always bringing her news of Otis whenever he pay for the bliss of having such a woman as could gain any-coming forward and taking your wife. Her rights are sacred—as sacred a chair quite close to hers—"I shall hate my

are my ideas of what is due to me, Otis. self for having to undeceive you. No, I will my ideal before—and now, it is too late! But Perhaps Otis sent the flowers—he has been in Boston several days.

She bade him sit down by her side and tell send the flowers, not meaning to take a liberty, er his business troubles. She sympathized or dreaming that they might mislead you. It icacv, but as an old, tried friend of Otis, and earnest good wishes of the day.

> Mildred, cold and pale. "I supposed Otis had been here, with gifts mand upon them." far more costly than my poor flowers. Of

course he has been here?"

gone now. He left on the 4 P. M. train this at-

The low cry, vibrating with anguish, thrilled through the room, but it awakened no

mercy in the selfish man who sat before her, taking pleasure in her despair. Pleasure for he hoped, by arousing her

pride and indignation-by showing her how little her husband cared for her-to win her gratitude to himself for his sympathy, his interest, his resentment at her wrongs. As, by Surely, the old man made the effects of his slow degrees, he pushed his friend Olis from wrath permanent. Every dollar of all his her heart, he hoped to slip in and fill the va-Yes, even if the affair never went beyond a harmless, but deeply interesting flirtation, it was the kind of business which absorbed a large part of the time and talents of Brummell Pomeroy.

He made his living—a luxurious living, too out of his triends; and he found his amuseto a distant relative—a strange Garner, living ment in winning away the hearts of his friends' friend am to Mr. Garner—of his little wife. wives. It was a noble and an honorable object to which to devote himself! And he went through with the business with the same thoroughness that distinguished his attention to

dress found a woman with so many attractions for him as our little Mildred.

beautiful; she was placed in such romantic circumstances; and she was so defenseless! Here was the lamb upon which this wolf of society might prey, if it so pleased him. Nothing pleased him better.

Yes, my dear lady, he went away to-day. Mildred sat alone, and she and her splendid Be has been in town sub rosa, I suspect. It was only by chance | discovered him.' But he might have come here. I would

met him he was warking, by starlight and gascousin, the beautiful Miss Appleton. er time arrives. They appeared very deeply interested in each

why do you tell me this, Mr. Pomeroy?

He was moving too fast; the little wife was sharper than he thought; he put on an air of injured innocence.

Love to be cruel? You are severe. Mrs. her dainty figure; there were pearls about her Garner. No, I pity you—I take a friendly, a deep interest in your welfare. It is Otis who is cruel. It makes me angry with him—and then, I am too outspoken. Perhaps I am mis in a thousand rippling strands, until she looked taken! Perhaps he does not love this superb cousin about whom he has raved to me for hours in days gone by. He may quite have outgrown that juvenile preference. These two. walking together on the Common at ten o'clock ying under the snow of the churchyard, once at night, had plenty of prosaic business to en-

"Whose uncle? dead?" murmured Mildred -her thoughts were on those two walking together under the stars, and came back slowly to the meaning of what her companion said. "Otis Garner's uncle. He died, alone, in

"Oh, what was it?" she asked, now all eatached, nor was any name left; so poor little gerness, since Otis' prospects were concerned Did he forgive my poor Otis? Did he have

"He left everything to his niece; and a pro vision that she was never to share a dollar of it with her cousin Otis, on pain of losing all. She is prohibited from doing the least thing for The old gentleman well knew that his niece's first impulse would be to divide her forune with the man she loves so dearly, but

Mildred's fair little head drooped lower and patient, clasping the flowers which she dream- lower; the golden vail of hair almost hid her pale face; she twisted her hands together, unonscious of how their convulsive movements A step paused in front of the house, came up to the door, the bell rung, the little maid anbreast. Finally she looked up at her visitor

with a deep sigh. "She may not always be prevented from her panting bosom, while her large eyes flashed shall not live long—my heart is breaking, and a vivid blush stole over her pale cheeks, think—yet, should I be so unfortunate as to live on against my will, perhaps there may be opened a way for Otis Garner to have his dea better world hesitating whether to pause or sire after all. I suppose, in the course of two suggests, I can obtain the and in her brightening eyes-when the door | aid of the courts to untie this knot which is s painful to him. I must not-I will not-hold

any man an unwilling prisoner, bound to me womanly pride as highly as I respect you. Be hair without speaking one word.

Pomeroy himself, man-of-the-world as he sympathy! Yes! free yourself from one who does not appreciate the good fortune which a foolish frolic bestowed upon him-who does not care for the loveliest, the purest, the sweetes woman heaven ever made! It makes my blood boil in my veins to see the indif-but no. Otis is my friend, and I ought not to say what

You forget. Otis loved another before he For half a moment, too, he made the mistake ever saw me. Can you blame him for that,

> She lifted her lovely face in a piteous appeal; tears were streaming down her cheeks; she would defend the man she loved, even

while her heart was breaking. "Mr. Pomeroy," said the sweet, tremulous voice at last, "pardon my mistake. I was hands, and to press it in token of silent sym-

"You are too good, too generous, for a mere selfish man to understand you, little Mildred. All I can say is-there are plenty of men who would willingly give all they are worth to be in Garner's place. The mere sacrifice of a fortune would seem a light price to you are love them. I am a bachelor, little Mildred-but that is only because I never met I am wild to talk thus to you, who are but a child, too modest, too innocent, to have the Mr. Pomeroy, did you send these?" asked least idea of your own power. Hold yourself ure." little hands let fall into her lap the roses and You English violets which she had kissed a hun-who would risk their lives for a smile of yours. red times that day.

"Mrs. Garner, you must forgive me," he anthere! I have said too much. Pardon me. It swered, with an air of hum lity which his club is as his friend, as well as yours, that I would friends would have been amused at. "I did teach you to value yourself. And now, again was New Year's Day, and I only wished to as one knowing how he has suddenly been cu give you evidence that you had one friend at off from past opulence, and has to struggle least who remembered you, with all the most now to earn his bread-may I ask you if you have everything you need? My purse, "It was very-kind of you," stammered time, my influence, are all at your disposal, shall feel honored to have you make some de-

"You are very good," replied the girl-wife, rse he has been here?"

No—no! Are you sure he has been in myself before I met Mr. Garner, and I can do it still. But he gave me all the money he had "Positive. I saw him twice; though he did before he went away-remember that. Mr. than he who had entered there so quietly and not know that he was recognized. But he has Pomeroy! gave me all-robbed himself! Oh, it is no fault of his that he cannot love me! with another burst of tears. "I have left his money in the bank where he placed it for my I will starve rather than touch it! Still, there is no danger of my starving. thank you again for your thoughtfulness, Mr. Pomeroy; but I can take care of myself—as I bave done before—and surely, surely, I will not forget that I am Otis Garner's wife, and as his wife, must act as he would have me act. As his wife I am too proud to beg or borrow. concluded the little princess, rising to her feet as if to end the interview.

Beau Brummell arose t his feet also. "I honor and respect you the more, little Mildred; I may call you so, may I not? considering how intimate Otis and I are. But I was bound to make the offer, not knowing how you might be situated. And, now, I bid you goodnight. I shall call again before many days,, for I feel myself a sort of guardian-being the He pressed her hand and went away.

"By all the roses that ever grew! tered, as he went down the steps, "but the lit-tle creature has spunk! I shall have to 'make haste slowly' with her. With what an air she Not for a long time-perhaps never-had he spoke of her wifely duties and rights! I could have laughed—only it would not do. Wearing her wedding-dress in expectation of a She was so innocent, so unworldly, and so eautiful; she was placed in such romantic scraph in it, too. She grows prettier every time I see her. Otis, little as he prizes he would hardly have gone away to-night with-out coming here, had he known that his dear Brummell was paying a friendly visit to his forsaken beauty.

"I have a mind to improve my acquaintance with his other lady-love, also. Miss Appleton is a great catch now-superb girl, too! If one could only settle down to a Benedict's 'Just so But then—if he had other ob- life! It is deured hard to have to always live jects in view! For instance, the second time I by one's wits. To settle down on the certainty of two millions might pay for the sacrifice. light, on the Common, with a lady by his side shall call on Miss Appleton as soon as the prop-

> (To be continued—commenced in No. 367.) An exchange remarks that the matrimonial fever has broken out again—the tie-fuss.

ed away

As we pause to gaze a moment at the somber, grand array, er if the angels greet the soul that's pass-Splendid is this mournful pageant as it passes, And the sound of muffled drum-beats echo solemn, faint and low;

Something grand and something awful thrills us as a bell's sad toll

Sounds in strokes whose dreary cadence tells us of a passing soul.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Through the city's din and tumult comes the slow and stately tread Of a funeral cortege bearing back to Earth its hon-

Little recks he who is lying neath that flower-strewn velvet pall, With eyes closed in dreamless slumber, eyes that shut at Death's stern call! Him the world delights to honor is within that cof-fin hd

And the cypress and the laurel rest together on the Those strong hands so calmly folded on that cold and pulseless breast, Is their work forever finished, have they gained an endless rest? endless rest?
Those firm lips now closed and icy, have they secrets deep to tell?

crets deep to tell? Did he hear, when Earth grew misty, the Death-angel sound his knell? Did the gates of Heaven open? Was a golden stair let down?
For the cross the mortal weareth did the spirit gain Did a band of white-robed angels meet him at the shining gate? Did he find above a city where the blessed ever

Vain, ob, vain, is all this asking! Death is dumb, and cold the grave; God and angels keep the secrets that our wonder-ing spirits crave; Lips closed by Death's icy fingers will not open to reply;
All we press to know so eager Death will tell us byand-by.

# Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NOT THE MAN. THE miner gazed upon the beautiful girl, an expression of astonishment written upon his

"I beg your pardon," he said, after a moment's pause; "I fear that I do not understand

"I will repeat my speech," the girl replied, the smile still upon her lips, but yet she was evidently annoyed by his remark. Once again, Mr. William Jones-Montana-or

whatever else you may be pleased to call your-Again Montana stared, again he appeared to be totally at a loss to comprehend the mean-

ing of the words. An expression of impatience escaped from Miss Campbell's red lips, and she tapped her dainty foot petulantly upon the white sand. "Oh! you are playing your part very well indeed!" she exclaimed, "but do you think that

you can deceive me?"
"I really beg your pardon, Miss," Montana replied, evidently embarrassed by the situation, "but I am afraid that you are laboring under some great mistake. If I understand

you rightly, you think that we have met before and that I wish to deny the fact. "You are denying the fact!" cried Miss Campbell, abruptly, "and you are not as wise as you used to be if you think that you can deceive me in this matter!'

"Miss, I am not denying the fact-I am only denying that it is a fact," Montana re-"Oh!" and Dianora's eyes flashed fire, "you have mistaken your vocation; you should have

been a lawyer, you play with words so clever-Montana shrugged his shoulders at the doubtful compliment but did not reply in words;

calmly and quietly he gazed into the face of the beautiful girl who was now evidently in a state of high excitement. "And this is my reward!" Dianora exclaim-

"I come to you prepared to lay at your feet wealth, station, power, everything that the heart of man can covet in this world! What is your ambition? for that you have some darling wish I know, or else you are not the man who won my girlish love long years ago. I have plenty of money and know how to use it. Money, like steam, or any other potent power, is useless to the fool who cannot make it his slave, but suffers it to master him. Would you be a giant in the stock exchange? know the way to be trodden and the means to use! Would you play with the destinies of a nation as a child plays with a toy? I can show you the road that leads to political power-know every crook and turn of the dark and devious path lined with the graves of ambitious men whose hearts were less stout and wits less keen than they deemed them; tell you what to do and how to do it! I know every trick by means of which the votes of the fickle multitude can be won, and once you are fairly in your seat in the hall of State. I will sue, fascinate and toil for you as only a woman can toil for the man she loves! All I ask in return is but the renewal of the old-time tenderness; I have the power to demand it as a right-but I do not-I am humble; I plead to you-I do not command; only a little thing I

ask, the love which is mine by right!" With stolid face-cold and calm as a statue of iron, Montana listened to this passionate outbreak. No sign of softening was there on his pale features, and Dianora, skilled in reading faces and watching his now as eagerly as if she were a prisoner waiting for a sentence which might lead to death, and he the judge whose lips could give or take a life away,

guessed that her effort had failed 'You will at least answer me?" she said, slowly, and after a long pause, during which she had waited in vain for a reply. "Miss, I didn't know how to answer you!"

Montana exclaimed, bluntly. 'You do not know how to answer me!" Dianora cried; even her keen wits at fault

'No, Miss; I see that it ain't the least bit of use for me to tell you that I ain t the man you think I am. You have made up your mind that I am somebody, and my denying it don't help the matter at all. If I was inclined to take advantage of the delusion under which you are laboring might allow you to continue in your mistake and accept the brilliant offer which you have just made me; but, Miss, I ain t that kind of a man. I won't take advantage of your mistake, for I don't care for the kind of life you speak of at all. home-body, Miss; I should be like a fish out of water in the society you offer me. All I want is a decent, honest living, and I reckon as long as I hold my mine here I can get that. I ain't got any ambition at all, Miss; it ain't in me."
"You have given me my answer now, even though you deny your identity," Dianora said,

Montana looked puzzled for a moment; he had expected a stormy outbreak, and the calmness of the girl surprised him.

'Yes, Miss, I suppose that you may consider it a sort of answer.

"You prefer your home here amid these wild scenes and lawless surroundings to all that I can offer in the way of luxury and

"Well, I haven't any right to accept such things from you, Miss," Montana answered,

bluntly.
"Oh! enough of that!" Dianora cried, with a gesture of impatience; "I know very well that you are the man I take you to be." "They call me William Jones—"

"And call you wrongly they that do so! the girl cried, vehemently. "Your name is Robert Peyton, your birthplace, Fredericks-burg, on the Rappahannock. You married me in Chicago ten years ago; just six days our honeymoon lasted and then you disappeared. and I have never set eyes on you since, until I saw you in Deadwood last evening

Montana smiled; it was plain that the per sistence of the woman amused him.
"I see, Miss, that it ain't of the least use to

argue with you," he said; "you're set in your notion, but I'm not the man."

For the last time then—you refuse?" "I'm not the man!" he repeated.

"You prefer a miner's hard, uncertain toil to the station and wealth I offer?"

'Yes, Miss, I do," Montana replied, decidedly. "Every man to his fancy; I had rather live here in peace and quiet than mix again

with the big world. I prefer it."
"And you prefer Mercedes Kirkley to me!" Montana started as he had trodden on a rattlesnake and heard the warning war-cry of the spotted monster sounding in the air.

A gleam of triumph shone in Dianora's clear

blue eyes as she noted the effect of her clever ly-aimed shaft. I have pierced you at last, eh?" she ex-

'You have astonished me, that's all," Montana responded, contemptuously

"Oh, you are very clever!" Miss Campbell exclaimed, full of wrath; "but, clever as you are, you will find that I am a match for I am your wife—the law has never stepped be-tween us; you have forgotten me for this little pale-faced slip of a girl—a child who had better be playing with her dolls than thinking of lovers! Are you blind, Peyton, that you prefer Mercedes Kirkley to Dianora Campbell?"

You are mistaken, Miss; the lady you speak of is nothing to me, nor I to her," Montana said, coldly. "But if the case was different, and we were lovers, I rather think that all the world combined wouldn't separate us!" 'You defy me?" and Dianora rose, pale with

"If that is a defiance, Miss, then I defy you," Montana answered, half turning away. "Wait and hear me for a moment!" Campbell cried, lurid fires flashing in her great blue eyes. "You have scorned me and my love, and now it is war between us. This girl—I will tear her from your arms; this mine which you think so valuable—I will wrest it from you; firmly fixed as you are here in Deadwood, I will make you curse the hour you first set foot in this region! Your friends shall drop away as the dried and withered leaf falls from the tree when the autumn winds blow! And then, when at last I crush you to the earth, helpless, perhaps you will remember that there is one true heart in the world that has never ceased to beat for you and will be willing even then-as I shall beto forgive and forget!" And then Miss Campbell swept proudly away, as fair a girl in her glorious beauty as ever the Western sun shone

### CHAPTER XXIV.

O'TOOLE THE GREAT, CALMLY Montana watched the lady depart, no trace of emotion upon his marble-like face. Miss Campbell's threats had made no more impression than her supplications.

Around the bend in the gulch walked the girl and disappeared from sight.

And then Montana fell to meditating

"My friends shall fall from me, eh?" he muttered, seating himself upon the rock from whence Dianora had risen. "The mine shall be wrested from my possession. Mort Campbell, esquire, butcher and statesman, is to perform that little operation, I presume; but, maybe, it won't be so easy a job as they think! So far, since I have sojourned in Deadwood, I have kept my hands off my fellow-men: I have jumped no man's claim—have kept out of every one's way; I have let every one alone, and have trusted that the compliment might be returned; but if it is to be war. why then, they shall have it, red hot! Mercedes, too! So they couple our names together, do they! I have been a fool to allow any one to see that I liked the girl. What has such a man as I am to do with a fresh young heart? Mine was seared, long ago. There is a mystery about the girl, too. For the past ten days I have avoided her, and she, instead of being offended, has taken pains to seek me out here. Does she really care for me? or is it but the natural coquetry of woman annoyed at the defection of an admirer, and determined to again lure the truant bird to her feet? Is there such a thin? in this life as a true and honest-hearted woman? I've tried two of them and found them both equally false and fickle. I ought to be satisfied, but I suppose it is mans nature to long for a woman's love. Bah! what an idiot | tioned. I talk like a love-sick boy. Mercedes is nothing to me nor I to her. No more will I linger under the spell, charm she ever so wise-They may beat me in this coming fight, but at the worst I can turn red-skin and in the wild life of the wilderness forget the wrongs that civilized man has inflicted upon me.

And just at this period the miner's meditations were interrupted by a musical voice, deeply tinged with the rich brogue of old Ire land, chanting a stave loudly down the gulch:

"I'm a gintleman born, an' I seorn a trade, I'd be a rich man if me debts was paid." And then around the bend in the ravine

came a stout fellow, clad in the blue of Uncle Sam, and carrying a shot-gun upon his shoul-

Montana recognized him at once as a soldier of the garrison, by name Dermot O'Toole, and reputed to be about as hard a case as had ever kept step to the music of the march. More days of the year O'Toole spent in the guardhouse than at his quarters, and from his blun-dering, quarrelsome disposition he was a nuisance alike to both the officers and men of his

Not that O'Toole was naturally a rascal, but he had a quick temper, drank to excess whenever he could procure liquor, and then was to the muttered meditations of the miner. never happy until he had got into a fight with

somebody. Punishment had little effect upon dently laboring under considerable excite- all! Anyway, I cain't hunt all day for it. If him, for he never could be convinced that he was at all in the wrong, but always looked upon himself as being a very much abused individual.

Montana was very well acquainted with the soldier, having, with his natural love for fair play, interfered once to save him from being pretty roughly handled by a party of miners from one of the mountain guiches with whom O'Toole had succeeded in quarreling. With the usual disdain for numbers, so common to the Celt in liquor, the soldier had defied the whole party to mortal combat, and was being well pounded when Montana, reluctant to see a man beaten when he was so drunk as to be hardly able to stand, got in between the combatants, and, aided by a few others, succeeded in stopping the row.

O'Toole had been lugged off to the fort by some of the townsmen, and Montana had not happened to encounter him since the day of the affray: in fact, the doughty Irishman had spent the better portion of the time since that occasion in "durance vile," the guard-house having held him prisoner.

'The top of the mornin' to you, sorr," said

the Irishman, as he came up the gulch.
"How are you?" Montana responded. "Foine, sorr, as foine as silk, bedad!"

'Out gunning?' "Yis, sorr, it's huntin' I am, d'ye mind?

Do ye think that I'd be afther findin' a buffalo beyand?" and O'Toole pointed up the gulch.
"Nary buffalo!" was the terse reply. 'Is it a deer, thin, that I'll shoot?"

"You might find a deer up at the head of the gulch. "Sorra a wan of me cares phat it is, as long as it's somethin' that I kin git a crack at," and the soldier came close to where the miner sat on the bowlder, looked around him mysterious ly, and his rough and ill favored face assumed

cunning expression. "It's a gintleman ye air, Mister Montana?" he said, cautiously, and in a low voice, barely

"Yes, I hope so," Montana added, considerably astonished at the manner of the soldier. Your word's as good as yer bond, an' both of thim are fust-class! Well, I hope so."

"It's a foine man ye air, sorr; if it hadn't been for you, sorr, it's a dead man I'd be this blessed min'te, d'ye mind!"

"I guess they would have battered you up pretty well.

"Oh, no! it isn't that, sorr!" O'Toole exclaimed, with great dignity. "Divil a batter at all. I would have kilt ivery man of the crowd, an' thin it's a hangin' matter that would have been to the fore!'

'Do you think so?" asked Montana, gravely, rather amused at the view the Irishman took of the affray in which he had been so well pounded.

"You saved me from murtherin' the blaggards, an' I'll do as much for you any time,

"Oh, that's all right," the miner replied, carelessly. "Mister Montana, it's a foine man ye air, an' a man of judgment; it's the learnin' ye have thick in yer head, sorr; an' now look at me! I'm an O'Toole! It's a mimber of parliament I ought to be this day across the say, if I had me rights, d'ye mind! It's the blue blood of the O'Toole's I have in me veins, an me grandfather was a dook an' me grandmo ther a dookess, an' if it hadn't been for my father marryin' a poor girl—she was a Malone—the second darter of Cock-eyed Malone, the hoss-docther, beyand at Ballybrigham, meb-

be it's knowin' to him ye air-Montana shook his head. "Well, it's all the same. Yis, sorr; if it hadn't a-been for that same weddin' it's a dook, sorr, I'd be this day wid lashin's of gould!" exclaimed the Celt, impressively.

"It was bad for you, old man," observed the

O'Toole felt encouraged by this sympathy. scent and ducal rights were received with

shouts of laughter.
"Yis, sorr, it was bad! but it is the heart of a dook that I have within me for all that same. It's a gintleman, sorr; sorra bad luck to me whin I forget it! though I do condescind to carry a musket and drill like a nagur. Ye did me a service, sorr, an' Dermot O'Toole is the b'y wid a memory. Ye have inemies, sorr an' it's flat on the broad of your back they'd like to lay yees! Wan of dem -an' it's a high cockalorum he is in Deadwood!—sed to me, sed he, 'O'Toole, it's a foine boy ye air, but bein so much in the guard-house is bad for your health; now I can help as no other man can. There is a chap in the town beyand '-this was in the guard-house, d'ye mind!—bitter bad luck to it-' Montana they call him: and it's a poker-player he is; now I'll give you a hundred dollars to play poker wid him. If ye win, all right; if ye lose, all right, too, thin ye can complain to me that he has ch'ated ye out of your money, an' it's drummed out

of the town I'll have him." Montana listened, a little incredulously it must be said, to this tale, for he knew of no reason why any officer of the garrison should wish to injure him.

"I'm very much obliged," he said, perceiving that the Irishman expected an acknowledg-

"Yer welkim, sorr; shure! me blood wouldn't let me harum the man phat did me a service; more power to your elbow! take care of verself, allanna!"

And then, with a series of winks and nods, the soldier passed on up the valley; leaving Montana considerably astonished.

"Is it truth, or a drunken fancy?" he ques-Enemies seemed to be rising thick around

### CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOLLOW TREE.

The appearance of the tall form of his part-

the girl.
"My friends shall fall from me, eh?" he muttered, "and the first one will be Hallo- path. well, I presume. Already this tawny siren has cast her spell upon him. I don't blame the holler oak tree! He sed a holler oak tree on man, though, for she is a glorious woman; few in this world to equal her. How the deuce did she find out anything about Mercedes? Are our names already coupled together in the gossip of the town? I have striven to keep away from her but she seeks me persistently. Is she in love with me? She does not act sometimes as a girl should act toward the man she loves, and if she does not love me why does she seek me? Ah! these women are riddles past the comprehension of the wisest man."

The near approach of Hallowell put an end

ment, for he had hurried up the gulch as fast as his legs could carry him, without really running.

'Say, Montana, something's up!" he cried. "How so?"

"You know that imp of a greeny-post-of-

"Well, he's skulking round down in the gulch below in a 'tarnal mysterious manner. I see'd him afore he see'd me, an' he were agallopin' up an' down a-lookin' at the trees an' muttering to himself jest as if he had gone crazy. Then he happened to ketch sight of me, an' the way he dived into the bush was a cau-"Well, that was queer."
"Yas, and then I jest slid into the bush, jest

out of curiosity, you know, to see what the critter was arter. "And did you discover?" "Nary a diskiver," Hallowell replied, la-

66 NO8 "No, sir, hoss-fly! Jest as the galoot poked his head out of the brush, as if he was watching that nobody was watching him, along come Miss Campbell and he dusted in ag'in. Say!" ejaculated Hallowell, suddenly, "what in thunder did you say to the gal? She looked as mad as a hornet when she went down the

"Oh, nothing in particular," answered Montana, carelessly.

"If it ain't pushing you too hard—what did she want, anyway?" asked Hallowell, abrupt-ly, all his Eastern curiosity aroused.

"Her father wants to buy the Little Montana mine," Montana answered, quietly. I s'pose you said no, of course?

"That is my answer to everybody; I don't wish to sell the mine." "But, partner, don't you think that we could make a good thing of it?" Hallowell asked, after a little pause.

Let well enough alone—that's my motto! "Well, you've got more backbone to you than I have; I reckon that if that splendiferous critter had axed me to sell I shouldn't have

had the grit to refuse."
"It's rather late in the day for any woman to twist me round her finger," Montana observed, with scorn on his lip

"I reckon though that you wouldn't be quite so stiff about it if it had been Mercedes nstead of this one, hev?" Hallowell remarked.

What makes you think so?" Montana was not pleased, as was plainly evident from his

"Kinder guessed it, that's all," Hallowell replied, with a good-natured snicker. "Oh, it ain't a bit of use for you to try to get out of All Deadwood knows that thar ain't ary other man in the town stands ary chance with Mercedes while a chap about your size is around."

This confident declaration did not tend to improve Montana's temper.
"Deadwood might find more profit in at-

ending to its own business," he observed, "than troubling itself about my affairs."
"I reckon that you're the captain of Mercedes' Own," Hallowell added, facetiously, "and

it ain't of any use for you to try to deny the

"Well, I sha'n't attempt it then. I don't care what they say about myself, but it can't be pleasant for the girl, particularly when there's no truth in the story."

In answer Hallowell put his tongue in his

cheek and winked significantly.
"Too thin?" Montana queried.

"Oh, yes! you can't pull the wool over my eyes in that way, you know. Gosh all hemlock! do you s'pose that any mortal man, that ain't a fool, will believe that that air gal travels all the way up the West Gulch to the Little Montana mine, jest for the fun of the thing?

Why, it ain't in the nature of the beast!" 'A willful man will have his own way, so I n't attempt to argue the point with rejoined Montana, rising as he spoke one thing you can be sure of, Miss Kirkley don't wish to buy the mine, and therefore she

won't try her fascination upon me.' Sho!" cried Hallowell, quickly. Montana understood the caution.

"What's the matter?" "That leetle greeny cuss-"

"Well?" "He jest stuck his head round the bend, and then when he caught sight of us he bobbed

back ag'in quicker'n a wink!" "What is the fellow up to?"
"No good, you bet!" replied Hallowell, decidedly. "He's a p'ison leetle cuss! He tried to stick a bad half-dollar on me at the postoffice, and he wasn't a-going to take it back nuther, but I jest told him, I'd take it out of his hide if it upsot the whole durned United States government!"

'And he refunded?" "You bet, and the old deacon, too, tried to lie me out of it, and sw'ar that it was a good piece. My opinion of the deacon is that his religion may be good enough for Sunday, but

it ain't worth a durn on week days." "The boy is evidently up to something," added Montana, in his quiet way; "he is watching us now, hid in the pines at the turn. He's down flat on the ground, but I can see his head stuck through the branches." The miner had an eye like a hawk.

him through the door. He ain't prowling around here for nothing now, you can bet all

your stamps on that!' 'I hardly think that it is worth while." "He's up to something now, I tell yer!" Hallowell persisted; "come on!"

"All right." Carelessly the two strolled off in the direction of the shanty, opened the door and entered, closing the door after them.

For full five minutes long-legged Tim remained motionless in his ambush under the spreading branches of the pines, and then, sat-The slouchy figure of the Irishman had hardly disappeared before Lige Hallowell came round the lower bend of the gulch.

Specially statistics of the pines, and then, say isfied at last that the two owners of the Little months are little time, he wriggled himself out from some little time, he wriggled himself out from Swer statistics. his covert in the pine needles and rose to his ner recalled to Montana's mind the threat of feet. Then he advanced to the trail which ran up through the gulch and proceeded to examine the trees on the right hand side of the

> "By gol!" he muttered, "I don't see any the right hand side of the gulch atween the town and the Little Montana mine. Thar's the Little Montana—I'm close onto it, an' I don't see any holler tree at all! Mebbe it's cut down, but I don't see any fresh stumps 'bout hyer-plenty of old ones!

> The overgrown boy advanced within a hundred yards of the bowlder whereon Montana had sat, and then he suddenly spied a scrubby oak tree with a small cavity in the trunk on his right hand.

He paused—looked doubtfully at the tree. "That's an oak-but it tain't a holler tree; The tall son of the State of Maine was evi- it's got a hole in it; mebbe it's the one, arter

it ain't the right one, I kin tell the man when I see him."

tree Hallowell strode, and shoved his big paw into the cavity, while Montana followed close-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

### ONLY A WORD."

BY "DUNBAR."

Only a word, that was spoken Careless, and no one to blame; Only a word; yet a token Of misery, heartache and shame.

Only a word; like an arrow
Piercing and breaking a heart;
Only a soul it will harrow—
Only two lives it will part!

Only a word; bitter anguish,

Long separation, regret: Lives now in sorrow must languish, Learning how hard to forget.

Only a word: years are making Rifts, growing wide apart; Time can alone ease the aching— Time can alone peace impart. Only a word: all is ended;
Broken the vows made before,
Blasted the hopes they had blendedOnly a word; nothing more!

Only a word, that was spoken Careless, and no one to blame; Only a word; yet a token Of misery, heartache and shame!

## A Little Dressmaker's First of April.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Now remember, Miss Myers, a double row of knife-plaiting of the lighter shades, headed by a puffing of the darker, and be sure you loop the overskirt tight enough."

"I'll do my best, Miss Carrie," was the quiet response of the little dressmaker, as she smoothed and straightened the folds of lustrous silk and soft cashmers which covered her bed, and which Carrie Harold's careless fingers had tossed into sad disarray.

which Carrie Harold's careless fingers had tossed into sad disarray.

"And be sure you have it done by Tuesday night," was Carrie's parting direction, as with her friend Julie Ringgan she left the little dressmaker's cottage, and went to ransack all the stores and drive the clerks mad with impatience, in search of a particular checker her transaction.

stores and drive the clerks mad with impatience, in search of a particular shade of buttons to match the cashmere suit.

"Now, Jule, go home with me and spend the rest of the day, and we'll hatch up a joke to fool some one to-morrow," said Carrie, when at last they had finished their shopping.

"To-morrow is the first of April, isn't it? I had forgotten all about it," said Julia.

"I hadn't, and I'm just dying for some fun! What shall we do, Jule? Who shall we play off a joke on?"

a joke on?"
"Oh, I don't know! There's that prim little dressmaker—wouldn't it be fun to fool her Well, how? Oh, I have it! I have it!" cried Well, how? Oh, I have it! I have it!" cried Carrie, clapping her hands. "Let's write her a love-letter! I dare say she never had one in her life. Let's make her an offer from some-body! She'll be sure to believe it's all genuine, and we'll plan to watch the joke, and see her make a goose of herself! Oh, that will be rich!"

rich!"
"Won't it? Who shall we make believe the

"Won't it? Who shall we make believe the letter is from?"
"I don't know—we'll study that up."
"How will your Uncle Dick do, Carrie? He's a rich old bachelor, you know, and never pays any attention to the ladies, though they would

any attention to the landes, along the first be glad enough to get him."

"The very thing! Jule, you're a genius! She will never suspect him of a joke. But we mustn't let him find it out, I tell you, or we'll catch

a good scolding."
So home the two thoughtless conspirators tripped, and spent the afternoon "hatching up," as they called it, the letter which was to disturb the peace of the quiet little dressmaker, and make so much fun for themselves.

The next day—the eventful first—little Miss Myers sat alone in her plain, neat sitting-room, her tidy-made bed, as usual covered with a shin-

her tidy-made bed, as usual covered with a shining litter of feminine fripperies, her busy fingers snipping with her sharp seissors, or hovering over the red cushion, bristling with short
needles and crooked pins, ever and anon guiding her whirring machine over a smooth seam.

Little Miss Myers was very busy, and sometimes very lonely and very tired, but the gay
dresses must be finished, so she only paused
long enough to brown a bit of toast and make
a cup of tea for her solitary dinner, and then to a cup of tea for her solitary dinner, and then to

Could she believe her eyes? Credit her senses? The letter was an offer of marriage from Mr. Dick Harold, the richest gentleman of the village, and it said—strangest of all—that he had loved the quiet little woman, whom nobody noticed, for a long time.

Poor, little, lonely Miss Myers! She never once remembered to notice that the letter was dated "A pril lat"—she never once the with the

once remembered to notice that the letter was dated "April 1st"—she never once thought of Mr. Harold's playing a joke on her—she was only thankful that such a prospect of peace, and comfort, and happiness had at last dropped into her lonely, work-a-day life, poor little woman!

Man!
A letter of so much importance must be answered at once—and for that contingency our pretty schemers had forgotten to provide, for they were to be on hand when the answer came to "Uncle Dick," to suggest to him that it was an "April Fool," and sink the little dress-maker forever in his estimation.

maker forever in his estimation.

But, when Miss Myers' modest little note was handed to Mr. Harold, some hours earlier than our gay young conspirators expected, he was sitting alone in his handsome library, and this is what he read: is what he read:

MR. HAROLD, "DEAR SIR:—Your kind letter, received an hour "Dear Sir:—Your kind letter, received an hour or so since, so much surprised me that I hardly know how to answer it. I never dreamed that you, so far above me, thought of, or cared for a plain little body like me, when all the loveliest young ladies of the village would be proud to be your choice. But if you do care for me as you say, and wish me to be your wife, I cannot refuse so great an honor and blessing, which Heaven itself must have sent into my lonely, weary, loveless life. I thank you, Mr. Harold. I feel sure I shall learn to love you, and I will try to make you happy.

"Yours, gratefully,
"Susie Myers.

An expression of the blankest amazement overspread Mr. Harold's fine, manly face as he read this reply to a letter which he never had

Then Tim glanced carefully around him, saw that the gulch was deserted, sidled cautiously up to the tree, shoved something into the cavity, and, after another glance around to be sure that he had not been observed, took to his heels and disappeared around the bend in the gulch.

The moment the figure of the boy vanished from sight the door of the shanty opened and the partners came forth.

"Didn't I tell you the leetle cuss was up to something!" Hallowell exclaimed. "Did you see what he did?"

"No; I couldn't exactly make out."

"Why, he stuck something in the hole in that tree."

"And I saw him close to the tree."

"And I see'd him stick something into it, but I'll have it out!" Straight then to the but I'll have it out!" Straight then to the she is lonely herself! Well, poor, dear little words the from that little dressmaker at the foot of the hill. Nice, neat little body; Pve noticed her in church. But I never wrote her a letter! Never thought of marrying her in my life! What does it mean?" he asked himself. "It must be from that little dressmaker at the foot of the hill. Nice, neat little body; Pve noticed her in church. But I never wrote her a letter! Never thought of marrying her in my life! What does it mean?" he asked himself. "It must be from that little dressmaker at the foot of the hill. Nice, neat little body; Pve noticed her in church. But I never wrote her a letter! Never thought of marrying her in my life! What does it mean?" he asked himself. "It must be from that little dressmaker at the foot of the hill. Nice, neat little body; Pve noticed her in church. But I never wrote her a letter! Never thought of marrying her in my life! What does it mean?" he asked himself. "It must be from that little dressmaker at the foot of the hill. Nice, neat little body; Pve noticed her in church. But I never wrote her a letter! Never thought of marrying her in my life! What does it mean?" he asked himself. "It must be from that little body; Pve noticed her in church. But I never thought of the min in the figure faced little woman! Now she would make this big, lonesome house as cozy as could be! And she is lonely herself! Well, poor, dear little soul, I'll take her and take care of her. So whoever got up this joke has done me a favor without knowing it. I'll go down and see my dear little woman to-night, and if, after a talk, we fix things up all right, why, there'll be a wedding pretty soon, and she shall never know of this cruel joke."

And so, that very night, Mr. Harold rapped at the little dressmaker's door, and spent an hour or two with her. And when he went away, Mr. Harold actually kissed little Miss Myers, and kindly said to her, with his goodnight:

"Finish what you have see held."

night:
"Finish what you have on hand, and then your work is done, my dear. And if they ask you the reason, just tell them, for I'm not a bit ashamed of my choice, and I don't want her to be ashamed of me!"

be ashamed of me!"

The next morning Carrie Harold and Julie Ringgan were early at Miss Myers'. They hadn't been able to find out one thing from uncle Dick, and they were crazy to find out what they could from her.

Carrie's dress was progressing finely, and would be done in good season.

"I shall bring you two more next week," said Carrie, "and I'd like to have them as soon as you can finish them."

"I would like to accommodate you, but I shall not take in work any more."

"Indeed! Are you going to leave us?" asked Carrie, with a gleeful glance at Julie.

"No. I am going to be married," quietly said Miss Myers.

"Ab! thet is news!" said Carrie,"

"No. I am going to be married," quietly said Miss Myers.

"Ah! that is news!" said Carrie, scarcely able to control her mirth. "Is it fair to ask who is

to control her mirth. "Is it fair to ask who is the happy man?"
"I suppose it may be for you. The gentleman is your uncle, Mr. Richard Harold," said Miss Myers, blushing crimson.

Carrie could hardly help screaming. But she did manage to restrain herself a little longer.
"Uncle Dick! Well, you are a sly pair! I congratulate you, I am sure! Is the engagement of long standing?"
"It is not." And to relieve her exceeding embarrassment and change the subject, Miss Myers asked: "Will you try your basque now, Miss Carrie?"
"No, we can't stop now. We are in a dread."

"No, we can't stop now. We are in a dread-ful hurry. I will come round and try it just af-ter dinner."

ter dinner."
And the two girls made their escape before their mirth betrayed them.
"Did you ever see anything like it?" cried Carrie, as they hurried up to uncle Dick's to enjoy their joke. "She just thinks he is coming right down to marry her out of hand!"
"It's the best joke I ever heard of!" answered Julie.

Julie

They broke into uncle Dick's library pell-mell, and Carrie began:

"Oh, uncle Dick! we've heard the richest news! And we've come to offer our congratulations!" "Very well; I'm ready to accept them if you will tell me upon what," answered uncle Dick.

"Upon your marriage, of course! You are to be married immediately, we hear. And, oh, uncle Dick! the richest part is to come! I am perfectly certain you can never guess to whom!"

"To Miss Susie Myers, I suppose, as she is the lady I intend to marry," was Mr. Harold's quiet reply. Carrie almost lost her breath.

"Why, it isn't true, is it?" she screamed.
"It is quite true. I shall make her my wife ithin four weeks. And when she enters the within four weeks. And when she enters the family, Carrie, see to it that you treat her as your equal. It is quite true, and you can tell the news to whoever you please," said uncle Dick, as he took up his hat and went out, leaving the discomfited plotters with a doubt which has never yet been resolved, as to whether their planning helped along uncle Dick's happy marriage, or whether it was all arranged beforehand.

And neither has Mrs. Harold ever discovered that she owes her happiness to a heartless "first of April" joke, for her fond husband has been careful she never should.

## How a Man Takes Care of a Baby.

BY MRS. ELIZA E. ANTHONY.

FIRST, he must have one to take care of. It

isn't every man, you know, that is fortunate enough to have one; and when he does, his wife a cup of tea for her solitary dinner, and then to work again.

Is always wanting to run over to a neighbor's only five minutes, and he has to attend to the baby. Sometimes she caresses him, and ofteners and the name of the deacon is that his ligion may be good enough for Sunday, but ain't worth a durn on week days."

"The boy is evidently up to something," ided Montana, in his quiet way; "he is atching us now, hid in the pines at the turn. Etters seldom came to the little dressmaker's humble home, so she looked in hesitating surprise at the bold superscription, but it was undoubtedly her own name, "Miss Sue Myers"—and as the boy ran away, she went back into her little room, and opened her letter.

Surprise changed to amazement as she glanced at the name signed to it—wonder, confusion, and at last pleasure, were all blended in the expression of Miss Myers' plain, sweet face, as she read. is always wanting to run over to a neighbor's something had stung it. You timidly lift that cherub, and sing an operatic air; but he does not appreciate it, and only yells the louder. You bribe him with a piece of sugar; not a bit of use, he spits it out, and tries to put his foot in your mouth. You get wrathy, and shake He stops a second, and you venture on another; when, good heavens! he sets up such a roar that the passers-by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate; your hair stands on end; and the perspiration cozes out of every pore, as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if that luckless child should have a fit? You try baby-talk; but "litty, litty lamby" has no effect; for he stretches out as if a redhot poker was laid on his spine, and still he yells. You are afraid the neighborhood will be alarmed, and give him your gold watch, as a last resort, just in time to save your whiskers; though he throws down a handful of your cherished mustache to take the watch; and you thankfully find an easy-chair to rest your aching limbs, when down comes that five hundred dollar watch on the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaking into an earsplitting roar, and you set your teeth, and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches that long-suffering child from your willing arms, and, sitting down, stills it by magic. While you gaze mournfully on the remains of your watch and cherished mus-tache, and, uttering a malediction on womankind in general, and one image of its father in particular, vow never to take care of a baby again-until the next time.

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1877.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates: Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months, one year,
Two copies, one year, In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any later number.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscrip tion, by mail, never inclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Losses by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are

ollowed.

All communications, subscriptions, and leters on business should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Commences in Our Next Issue!

COL, PRENTISS INGRAHAM'S

NEW SEA AND SHORE ROMANCE OF THE ORIENT!

The Cretan Rover;

Zuleikah the Beautiful! A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross!

Of this brilliant and wonderfully interesting

story of the East, the author says: 'I have devoted more time and labor upon i than ever before upon any story, and have en-

deavored to make it all that you could desire. "I do not think you will find a tame chapter in it, while my personal experience in both Turkey and Crete gave me an advantage as regards language. people and countries, and enabled me to know

It is of combined Sea and Shore action, in which a daring young American and a patriotic young Englishman, having Cretan blood in his veins, are chief centers of interest.

The time chosen—the last uprising of the brave Cretans against their Moslem mastersaffords incidents of a highly exciting charac ter, but even this is subordinate to the more exciting personal relations and adventures of the romantic romance.

We have Turks and Greeks-slaves and mas ters—the Harem and its Inmates—the grand old Stamboul, (Constantinople), with its strange life-Osmanli and Christian-Greek Girls and Greek Homes-Loves and Hates of the Orient —the Scimitar and the Sword—all involved in a story that adds new and strong elements to the already brilliant succession of serials which the SATURDAY JOURNAL has the pleas ure of placing before its readers.

MRS. MARY REED CROWELL.

The Author of "Vials of Wrath," TO THE FRONT AGAIN!

In a new serial of enticing beauty, power and fascination of story-equal to her well-

remembered "Vials of Wrath," which, as the New York Herald stated, sold over 80,000 copies when put in book form. Soon to be given. We commence in this number a series

of biographic and historic sketches of America's Commodores, by Capt. Jas. Mackenzie, which we are sure will prove very pleasing and instructive. The series of GREAT CAP-TAINS, by Dr. Legrand, evidently have been exceedingly well received. It is a good "sign of the times" when readers demand such reading. It affords us real pleasure to answer this demand by the series we now add, which will introduce some notable characters and highly interesting events in our novel history.

### Sunshine Papers. The Empress' Laces.

It was announced that some laces, made ex pressly for the Empress Eugenie, were on exhibition in town. How the news flew through all the woman-world, and what a fluttering of feminine hearts there was, and what a wagging of feminine tongues! How Eugenie' name, like a shuttlecock, was flung to and fro from the battledores of female mouths, and what a canvassing of her foibles, her history her past, present and future, took place! It was enough to make one wonder if this same Eugenie looked, or acted, or ate, or slept, or drew her breath, like any other woman; and if she was the only creature in petticoats who ever wore laces—for every one must see her Oh! yes; and such a time as there was! Mrs. Tutticut tore a vard or two of fringe off her gown, in her haste to hail the first car for Stewart's; and Miss Lilly White actually went without her breakfast, for fear she would not get there early enough to avoid the crowd. and have a good chance to admire the laces as worshipfully as it was becoming she should anything that had ever been connected with the great Eugenie.

Poor Eugenie! I wonder if you would not smile, if you could know how lace-mad the women of Gotham have gone over these fairy fabrics that you ordered in those rietous, fe verish days before the Empire tottered to its fall, and you and yours were forced to flee should submit calmly and peaceably to the But it is our way, Eugenie—the way of Americans—to turn wild with excitement over any little bit of foreignness that delights which appear so pleasant and nice in comes to our shores. No matter how much better we have at home, we adore that which

make us a byword and laughing-stock with more self-loyal nations.

Not that I would censure any one for desiring to see these wonderful laces, nor would I intimate that ever their like was brought to America before. They are certainly exquisite; as are the elegant articles displayed in the same cases. All are well worth seeing; not because they were made for the Empress Eugenie, but for their own intrinsic worth. Those who love the beautiful, and appreciate the truly artistic must enjoy intensely a half-hour before these marvels of thread—perfect works of art, as they are, in their pattern and execution.

The wealth of the flowers flung in lavish uxuriance all over the length and breadth of the overskirt that was to have draped the graceful form of the queen of Fashion and France, seem to stand out with pulsing life from the gossamer ground; and one can, with small demand upon the imagination, almost get a draught of perfume from the petals of the opening roses, despite their frostiness. hundred thousand dollars is the value of that snowy billow of thread, that elegant combination of all the oldest and rarest lace pat-

A hundred thousand dollars; but, how many years were spent in conceiving and executing that fairy garment? How many young eyes grew blind over those delicate meshes? How many drops of heart blood are pricked into the trailing vines? How many lives have gone from this world into the dread, unknown eternity, from out the underground, damp dark rooms, where alone this costly fabric ould be wrought? After all, is not a hundred thousand dollars a trifling sum to stand bal anced as its worth, against the years of toil and pain, and lingering death, that went to make that foamy bit of lace?

Yet how few thoughts the butterflies of fashion, who hover covetously about this royal robe, give to the depths of darkness and mental despair from which it came, in its marvelous loveliness, to attract the gaze of thousands of women! How few remember the great struggle with which all things rare and costly are given to the world! How few, even, as they flutter with sighs of delight from this ostly dress to the equally costly shawl—its ground-work, whereon is wrought a bouquet n brilliant colors, so cobweb-fine that the en tire wrap may be drawn through a lady's fin ger-ring—think of the mutability of nations and the fickleness of fortune, that suddenly re duced an empire to a republic, and a royal family to exile and comparative beggary!

Still the crowd surges about the Empres laces—"Did she ever wear them?" "Why not?" "Was she not rich enough to buy nem?" "Will any one buy them here?" and thousand silly questions; and "Lovely! Magnificent!" "Wonderful!" "Superb! "Exquisite!" "So pretty!" "Such loves!"
"Perfectly sweet!" "Divine!" and a torna do of adjectives that make one feel like say ing, sweetly of one's sex-f- but never mind A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### FOR WHOM YOU WILL.

Wouldn't it be nice if the world had been made solely for you—for your convenience and benefit alone, to have every one else left out from having their say in the matter, and everything had been arranged according to what were your notions of good and right? Wouldn't it have been a far better world if you had had your way concerning the arrangement of this mundane sphere, and wouldn't you have just gone to work and made a botch of it, just as you are making a botch of yourself in thinking you can improve on the Maker's handiwork?

Wouldn't it be pleasant if you possessed the magic power of compelling people to think and do just as you wanted them to—'twould be a have no will of their own and be merely an automaton in your hands? You would know that whatever they did was right because it was you who willed them to do it. If your pinion was the only one worth listening to or paying any heed to, how much better the world would be, now, wouldn't it?

Of course what you don't approve of must be a sham and a humbug, simply because you don't approve of it. Your political opinion is pure ones. What contemptible fools som folks would make of themselves if they had the only opinion to be thought worthy of a

How nice it would be if trees bore gold for ou instead of fruit; how much good think you would do with it, but how little you would! How pleasant you imagine it would be if things were as they actually are

According to your ideas of managing matters, it should rain when you wanted it to, and shine when you wanted it to. You'd not care how much this planetary mismanagement of yours would be detrimental to your neighbors velfare or comfort. Pshaw! what is anybody else's welfare or comfort to you, so long as you have your way? You are a monarch and the people are but worms to be trodden under foot

by you.

Wouldn't it be exceedingly nice if you could lie at your ease all day long and have nothing to do but order your servants about when and where you will? Instead of having to serve others, how much more comfortable it would be to have others serve you!

"And if things were only as they should be, this would be the case."

Work was never meant for you! It's too ow, too vulgar. Your hands were never insended to be soiled with household drudgery uch a life might do for some people, but not for you. What a grand life of it you would have if there was nothing on earth for you to

Yes, but what a wretched, useless, aimles and profitless life would such a one be! I

wouldn't want to live it. What an admirable felicity it would be for you if you could always retain your youth and grow old-to have no gray hairs on your head, no crows'-feet imprinted on your face—to see every one else growing old and know that youth would be ever yours-to follow one after the other to the grave and be assured you would never die! I am willing to grow old, for old age is honorable, and some will love and care for us, no matter how old we may become. We grow old so gradually that we scarcely perceive it. You'd want to be always young? You dread the thought of getting old? For my part I'm glad such wants cannot be gratified and such dreads must oc-We cannot help what must be and we

But, you see, we cannot accomplish these prospective, and it is a most excellent idea that we cannot, for we should all make ninnies of prevents it from flopping too far-if it was not ourselves, and would long for the good times to

under our entire control. We are given places to fill, and stations to hold, and it is better for us to fill and hold them than to sigh and yearn for what we cannot obtain. We'll only have to bear our crosses for a few years, but while we do bear them let us try to bear them uprightly and cheerfully.

The world is far better controlled than it would be if you or I governed it.

EVE LAWLESS. Foolscap Papers.

#### Things Lying Around.

I HAVE often noticed as I go along through life, on a free pass, that there are a great many people whose occupation seems to be general carelessness, and letting things lie around. It is one of the easiest trades to learn in the world, and I might observe, just here, that I am a jour. in the business myself, with a good recommendation, too, which will pass any-In fact I am such a proficient in it that I have concluded to start giving instruc-tions, and my scholars can divide the money they make at it with me.

Your motto should be, "Always leave an article where you last use it."

The diligent farmer should leave his plow and harrow and rakes out in the field for many reasons. The rains will wash the dirt off, and make them clean; a coating of rust will form on the iron-work which will be a protection to it. It will save all the trouble in bringing the articles to the barn, and then in the spring they will be just where you want them. winter snow on them forms a protection from

ne sun, and what more could you ask?
The coal-scuttle should be left at night at the foot of the stairs, then you will always know just where to find it, and not have to go hunting around in the dark after it. You'll find it without any difficulty. You won't miss it in jumping down-stairs. You put your right foot down on the opposite edge, and as it goes over you sit down on it, with your head gently reclining on the last step. If the scuttle is any kind of a good scuttle it will not be injured by the performance.

Always leave the door of your room halfopen at night, so you can easily tell just where is without much trouble, and when you go to hunt it you hold your hands wide out so they will pass on either side of it, without any difficulty, and your sagacious nose will readily scent it. The door will not be damaged at all unless you kick a panel out of it

You can cultivate the habit of lying around the house yourself, to eminent advantage; it will come handy in case you come in lately You can lie about the house when the assessor comes around, too.

The rocking-chair, from the peculiar con struction of its rockers, is especially adapted to be left sitting in the middle of the floor, and at night you won't have to search very much for it. You can step on one of the rockers behind, and the chair will come right up to you without any delay, you won't have to feel for it, for in a manner it feels for you, and discovers you; then again, the rockers come up about a high as your shin, and there is not much chance of missing it. If you run against it and go over with it you need not get excited, for there will be no danger of it getting away from you, at all. One leg will be between the rungs, and one of your arms through one of its arms, and depend upon it it will be entirely safe from running off. I have found the rocking-chair so quick in this manner that I couldn't tell for some minutes which was the rocking-chair and

The gate is one of the handiest things to eave open in the world. It is so easily done; the best season for this kind of enjoyment is in garden time. It is very successful, and especially so when you have too many vegetables in the garden. You look out and notice it, and, if it has stood open long enough, you shut it: you chase around to the gate which is shut and as the pigs won't stay there till you come and open it, they take around the house again affording elegant exercise to you which perhaps you would not otherwise procure, to such

The step-ladder certainly is one of the first steps of civilization, yet nothing could be more modest and unassuming. It is an excellent thing to stand in the middle of the kitchenfloor when you are hunting a match. stumble against it as gently as possible, and the meek thing won't stand and dispute your passage, it would far rather give way and retire; you retire over with it, and then its legs flap back over your head; and if you want to wrestle with it you will find yourself so tangled up in steps, straps, cross-bars, etc., that it will be one of the oddest positions you were ever in, and court-plaster is very cheap by the

Perhaps the most valuable article which you can leave lying around are bills of money; not clean, nice, new bills—you need not be so particular as that; old ones will answer well enough. Nothing looks nicer than greenbacks lying on the floor; no matter if they do look like an old patch on the carpet; they relieve the monotony. \$100 bills are the nicest to leave around, and they look decidedly better than holes in the carpet at any time. People will delight to call on your family. Your country relations would be induced to come and spend a few moments at your house, and your neighbors might be induced to drop in once in a while to borrow a couple of eggs or a cup of

About the liveliest things which you can have ying over the floor are tacks. They are only five cents a paper, but you get more animatio for the money than in anything else. It takes a servant-girl to distribute them correctly, and she knows her business. They mate rially assist in getting the tightest pair of boots on in a jiffy. They are easily drawn with a claw-hammer, and are not half so bad as a ten-penny nail in your foot, by any

You should not allow your neighbor's hens to be laying around your premises, however. You should try to discourage them by taking the eggs out of their nests; if that does no good, just keep it up and let them suffer with their losses.

Wives should always set their pans of bread to rise on a chair by the stove, where a husband could conveniently sit down on them without the bother of hunting around for them. They are as soft as a cushion, and, like Truth crushed to earth, are bound to rise

The boot-jack is the most unpretentious of all articles of furniture, and differs in many respects from a portable wardrobe. In walking over the floor in your stockings you manage, if you are a good stepper, to step on the raised end of it, and it flops up, but your shin comes from abroad with a supreme self-abase-ment and ridiculous indiscrimination, that return when affairs were better managed than thing might go. It is handler than a sewing-try.

machine, because a machine won't pull off your

One of the most enticing of things is to have the lamp accurately placed in the room so you have to go feeling around for it before the moon gets up. You can always catch it before it reaches the floor—if you have your hands right under it. In a smash the wick is neve njured, and that is something.

For pleasure leave your letters lying around WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Topics of the Time.

—Dean Stanley said recently, speaking of Milton, that "He was not mentioned by Clarendon, the historian of his time. This seemed curious; but it had happened over and over again, and was almost a law, that the most eminent man of his time was hardly ever mentioned by the chief historian of his time."

—Milk, dried in cakes thoroughly, and then ground to a fine powder and mingled in suitable proportions with farinaceous substances, such as oatmeal, is among the latest of European pre-parations for use on long voyages. The powder-ed milk is said to keep, if properly protected from moist air, almost indefinitely. Various dishes in which it forms an ingredient are spoken of as very palatable.

of as very palatable.

—Lieut. Wyse, commanding the expedition which is studying the practicability of the canal between the Atlantic and Pacific, has been writing a report "on a peak in Darien." He says the two oceans are only separated by a low, narrow chain of hills, and he indicates a possible industry when he says that the soil at Pinogana, the extreme point of which the title of the Pacific. the extreme point at which the tide of the Pacific is perceptible, consists of clays varying in color, and appropriate for the manufacture of bricks and porcefain.

and porcelin.

—The project for a railroad across the Great African Desert, which has been much discussed by French scientific authorities, has now received a new impulse at the hands of the celebrated traveler G. Rohlfs. The French notion was to draw the commerce of the Soudan through Algiers. Dr. Rohlfs advocates in Petermann's Mittheilungen a route between Tripoli on the Mediterranean and Kuka on Lake Chad. The line will cross 1,200 miles of desert, but Dr. Rohlfs thinks that it will find sufficient water supply. One thing is tolerably certain about such a railroad; it will not create an element in its prosperity such as all American railways hope for, by building up a business from its way-stations. its wav-stations

-M. Gustave Hellmann has ascertained by —M. Gustave Helmann has ascertained by careful comparison that during the summer in Germany there are two periods of maximum rainfall, separated by a dry period. With the first of these rain periods, and partly preceding it, in June, there is through a limited strip of it, in June, there is through a limited strip of country a succession of currents of cold air, coming from the Atlantic across the coast of the North Sea, and moving from north-west to south-east over middle Europe. M. Hellmann concludes that the cold winds are caused by a movement to suppy the place of heated air rising from the great European-Asiatic steppes, as those tracts become hotter with the lengthening days late in the spring and early in the summer. days late in the spring and early in the summer.
The winds which are thus ultimately drawn from the North Atlantic surface are cold and heavily charged with watery vapor, and their advent determines the beginning of summer rains in Germany.

—It was curiosity which led Hon. Mrs. Aldworth to secrete herself in a Masonic lodge and discover the secrets of the craft; the story of the "lady in the clock-case" being by no means apocryphal, as even the generality of Masons themselves are inclined to treat it. It is simply an historical fact that the lady just mentioned did so secrete herself, and further, that when discovered she was at once "made a Mason." She continued to take an active interest in the order throughout her life; she founded the Dublin Benevolent Institution for Orphan Daughters of Masons, and her portrait still hangs in a principal lodge-room in Cork, and under it in a glass case the Masonic apron and jewel she used to wear. Whether curiosity will ever incite another lady to attempt to elude the vigilance of the "tiler" remains to be seen; but it may be taken for granted that men who, perhaps, are really as much creatures of curiosity -It was curiosity which led Hon. Mrs. Ald haps, are really as much creatures of curiosity as those to whom they specially attribute this weakness, will continue to be influenced by it to join the mystic fraternity.

The hard times are especially hard on the magazine editors, some of whom receive double the number of MSS. they were accustomed to two or three years ago. Scribner's Monthly, for instance, received in 1871, 1,848 MSS.; in '72, 1,746; in '73, 1,729; in '74, 2,678; in '75, 2,426, and in '76 the enormous number of 3,209. The increase is in some part due to the increase is in some part due to the increase is no means the second of the content of the con crease is in some part due to the increasing reputation of the new monthly, but that the other is a leading cause is shown by the number of piteous letters which accompany MSS., generally the poorest. People will not learn that it is their writings and not themselves that are conby the poorest. People will not learn that it is their writings and not themselves that are considered by the MSS, thus sent. Scarcely more than one in thirty is acceptable, since the body of a magazine must be made up with articles contracted for with known writers. great joy in a magazine sanctum when a hap-hazard MS. gives evidence of a promising new writer. At the Harper establishment MSS. for the three periodicals come in at the rate of from five to six thousand a year. And the same is true of the other prominent periodical offices. As for us—why we have weekly to reject good natter enough to run several Saturday Jour-NALS.

-A few days since a man passed through the upper gate of Prospect Park, Niagara Falls, and walked along the bank to a point just below the "tail-race" that empties into the river. One of the guides, who followed him to tell him of the guides, who followed him to tell him where he could get the best views, was astonished to see him wading out into the rapids. "Come back, you fool; you will go over the falls!" The stranger paid no heed to the warning, but throwing himself forward on his face struck out for the brink of the cataract. Just be ow where he entered there was a small cascade, over which he was carried. When he emerged his hat was off, and a moment later he obtaine a footbold in the rapids and stood waist-deep in the foaming water. The guide was by this time at Prospect Point, whither he had hastened in the hope of being able to reach the man. The stranger, standing in the rapids, instantly struck out again, swimming lustily out further from the shore, and successfully placing himself beyond the aid of the man on the bank. He elasped his hands over his head and went down to his death. This suicide is as extraordinary as that of the Canadian chemist, near Detroit, who two days before had ended his life in order to test the efficacy of a resurrection pow

-The Indian relics discovered by the Rev. J Gass in a mound near Davenport, Iowa, con tinue to evoke discussion. They consist of tablets of dark-colored slate, with pictorial engravlets of dark-colored slate, with pictorial engrav-ings, one of which represents a funeral pyre or a sacrifice, around which a dance is taking place; twenty-two stars and the sun and moon are also shown, and there are two lines of written language in unknown characters. On the reverse of the tablet, which is rather less than a foot square, and about 11-2 inches thick, there are sketches of men, several quadrupeds, (including two mastodons), some birds and trees. Another tablet has a dial with four concentric circles, within which are marked the four cardinal points and twelve equi-distant characters supposed to represent the signs of the zodiac. There is no doubt that these relics were found along with human remains, among layers of shell, in a mound. If put there for the pur-pose of imposture they have been skillfully placed. All authorities agree that if the relics are genuine they are by far the most important archæological treasures yet found in this coun-

### Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "La Morgue;" "Ida;" "Shackled;"
'Only a Word;" "A Moral Lesson;" "Nelly;"
'Justice or Injustice?" "Two Women's Woe;"
'Ianthe's Riches;" "How He Came to Propose;"
'At St. Mark's;" "Old Mr. Etheridge's Wife." Declined: "A Mother's Love;" "A Dream;" Bricktop;" "The Doctor;" "Kinderhook;" Edith Valrose."

N. N. H. MS. good but cannot use it. No stamps er notification.

JULIA A. M. Can make no use of the songs. No stamps inclosed for reply. CHAS. K. Your story is very crude. Don't try to write yet awhile. Go to school, if possible. MATILDA. Wrote by mail. You can send on the command if you desire so to do.

DASH. We cannot be bothered to give the whys and wherefores of a MS. rejection. BENJ. F. Such a narrative would be useless in your own MS., because so imperfect as copy. Your ife experience certainly has been remarkable.

HUBERT H. D. Shall we use poem, "Sub Crucem," as suggested, or shall we destroy copy?

ILLITERATE POOR BOY. Contribution is excellent
in spirit but so defective as "copy" that we cannot use it. Stick to study, even if you are poor, or
at work at a trade.

at work at a trade. S. J. B. Submit your MS. through the usual mode of remitting it for examination. No stamp for re-oly. We never answer by mail unless stamps are

FRANK B. Write to Sheldon & Co., publishers, in regard to Whittaker's Life of Custer. Our paper is three dollars per year. You write very fairly and are large for your age.

SARGENT BUSTER. We have stories of the kind ou name. Beadle's Dime Catalogue will be sent in application. English names in French and panish are unchanged.

Spanisu are unchanged.

EDITH M., Rochester. We know of no opening for female telegraph operators. The supply of operators is now so excessive that we question if one in ten ever can obtain employ. Only the most skillful now are selected. Salaries are about \$15 to \$20 Vassar, Corridor North. Your "diversion" was vassar, Corridor North. Your "diversion" was harmless enough, but we don't see the fun in such escapades. They are not lady-like. A teacher has too hard a time of it to become the target of too practical jokes. The order given by Miss Terry was not improper, nor too severe. It was quite the contrary. Take our advice and write nor post any more "signs."

more "signs."

HARRY MAYFLOWER. The best preparation for the stage is a liberal education and a thorough familiarity with authors. As to the mere act of actining it is a talent of itself. It can be acquired to some degree, but great actors like Talma, Garrick, Siddons, Kean, Kemble, Booth, Macready, Cushman and Rachel must be, like a great poet, "born, not made."

GEO. D. L. Oll Coomes' first story in the SATURDAY JOURNAL was "Hawkeye Harry." He writes exclusively for this paper. The author named is not dead by any means—only is not writing in the field of his first great successes. The stories to some embrace perfectly splendid serials by Oll Coomes, Mrs. Crowell, Col. Ingraham, Jos. E. Badzer, Jr., etc., etc.

ger, Jr., etc., etc.

BUFFALO LOUIS. Your growth cannot be stopped
by any artificial means. The exercise you talk of
we should say would expedite muscular and bodily
development. Smoking is a very undesirable habit for one so young as you. Call for Dick and
Fitzgerald's Book of Sports and Gymnastics for
the instruction or methods of practice. Send to
Peck and Snyder, N. Y., for the slippers.

CAPITAL BOY. There are cases of happy marriages between persons of dissimilar religious faith, but usually they end miserably for both parties. Where husband and wife cannot harmonize fully better not have married at all. When children come and each parent asserts the right of religious control—then usually comes the heart-sore troubles that make the marriage unfortunate.

MARY M. Glad to know you enjoy the papers.—
Choose for best scented pot-plants the white or clove pink and mignonette.—The silver-leaved geranium means recall. Send it if you want your friend to come again. If you will accept the ring and grant the request simply send him an ivy-leaved geranium leaf. It is a pretty way to say yes, or to encourage advances.—You can have a sweet sumencourage advances.—You can have a mer by adopting the course suggested.

mer by adopting the course suggested.

School-girl. You have got two different books by two different authors confounded. "Aurora Leigh" is a long and beautiful poem by Elizabeth Barret Browning: while "Aurora Floyd" is the novel by Miss M. E. Braddon, which has since appeared as a drama. Your friend knows very little of books and their writers if she told you that Louisa M. Alcott only writes children's stories. Her books are designed for young ladies, and are found equally interesting by older people. They are much more worth the reading than Mary J. Helmes', though hers are pleasant and too insipid to be harmful. Read Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's works, Miss Warner's, Roe's and Miss Muloch's.

Miss Warner's, Roe's and Miss Muloch's.

Marietta W. A. says: "I wonder if among your numerous applicants you will kindly spend enough time on me to give me a recipe for "fruit jelly," of which I have heard, but cannot find any one who knows exactly what it is or how made?" We take pleasure in helping you. Make lemon-jelly of the prepared gelatine, sold by all grocers. When your jelly is partially cool, but not too thick, put thin round slices of banana, thin slices of oranges—with the peel on—cut in half, single white and purple grapes, raisins, or any other fruit you fancy, upon the bottom of your mold. Pour in part of the jelly, then add fruit. Add the remainder of the jelly, and a third layer of fruit. When the jelly is turned from the mold it will be found delightful to both taste and sight.

MADUE, says: "My cousin and myself have says."

delightful to both taste and sight.

MAIMIE, says: "My cousin and myself have several questions we would like to have answered. Will you tell us who A. L. O. E. is that has written so many Sunday School books?—What is Grace Greenwood's real name, and is she married?—What is the correct way to write your name on your card, if you are a girl of sixteen?—What flowers can be worn in the hair with a cardinal and white dress?" A. L. O. E. stands for "A Lady of England." The lady's name—Charlotte Tucker.—Grace Greenwood's real name is Mrs. Sara Lippincott. She has not lived with her husband for many years.—If you are the eldest or only daughter you write Miss Jones. If you are not the eldest daughter you add your baptismal name, as: Miss Lizzie Jones.—Violets may be worn, lilies-of-the-valley, white and pink primroses, or any flowers in white, pale pink, or lavender.

MAMMA writes: "Will you please informed.

Mamma writes: "Will you please inform me what is the best course of treatment for teeth that are naturally inclined to decay, and how soon a little child's teeth should be attended to, and what should be done for them to keep them healthy?" Clean the teeth the least five times a day. At rising and retiring and after each meal. Let it always be with pure water, except twice a week when a little precipitated chalk should be used. Always keep on the toilet-stand a spool of coarse white silk, which, waxed, should be passed carefully between all the teeth before using the brush. Thus keeping the teeth free from any bits of animal or vegetable matter will materially preserve them from decaying. The temperature of the mouth is warm, and any matter caught between the teeth decays most rapidly. From the time an infant cuts a tooth, and each succeeding one, should be carefully and daily washed and brushed. Teach the child that the teeth should be kept as clean as the hands and face, and as that child grows up it will experience little difficulty from decaying teeth.

Virginia A, writes: "Will you tell a few of us

and face, and as that child grows up it will experience little difficulty from decaying teeth.

Virginia A. writes: "Will you tell a few of us school-girls what you think about the use of slang? There is quite a division of sentiment among us. Some claim that there is no harm in the use of slang; some think it vulgar; some would draw a line between 'low' and 'pleasant' slang. We've agreed to be guided by your advice concerning its use: and if you condemn its use, or the use of any peculiar class of slang, we are going to form an 'Anti-Slang Band,' every girl to forfeit a cent to our treasury department for every time she is heard to use a slang expression; the money to be sent, at the end of each month, to some charitable institution. What do you think of our plan? And what is your advice?" We think your plan an excellent one; and we would advise its adoption by boarding-school girls, and girls generally, all over the country; and we hope it will prove effectual in correcting the conversational improprieties of many otherwise charming girls. We do condemn slang, unconditionally. It is vulgar. There is a choice of words in the English language—large enough to admit of every student speaking beautifully and vividly without misuse of words or addition of slang. There is nothing more charming in a young ladythan to speak her own language with purity and elegance.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

SPECIAL NOTICE.-All advertisements in our colmns stand on their own merit. We in no way indorse them. We insert none that we think are ob-

#### SHACKLED.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Shackled! Ay, shackled hands that yearn to clasp Shackled! Ay, shackled hands that yearn to class! In love's impassioned thrill and throb, my own; Shackled, the lips that wildly long to kiss. The ones that quiver at thy touch alone! Shackled, the human of thy nature's gold; Shackled, the nobler impulse of the mind; And I, poor prisoner, did but work anew The old, old lesson given to all mankind.

Ay, bending 'neath a weight I scarce could bear I put the shackles on thy outstretched hands; Ay, moaning with a woe my own heart tore, I clasped, with traitorous strength, the iron-braced bands.

I dashed the goblet, brimming, from thy lips—Scattered its 'wildering ruby far and wide; But did I take one sip of Circean-glow?

No, mine lay shattered, wine-spilled, at its side!

Because I knew that loving was a sin.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*
Shackled! Ay, worse than this art thou, beloved!
For I but pinioned passion's frenzied flight.
While binding firm the full-fledged hawk of Wrong
I set at large the snow-winged dove of Right.
I would unfetter every sin-held power
That chains that giant intellect sublime;
Wake into life the mind that could control
A nation's issues, if that field were thine.

I give each attribute a living wealth
Of heart, of brain, of body and of soul;
I'd place my dear redeemed on some high mount
A god, a men, yet all unspotted, whole!
I'd hear a world tell of his perfectness—
Ring with a thousand tongues his mighty fame,
While!! Why, i should know a sweet content
With one word, "darling!" dear remembrance
name.

hour,
And then I'll kiss your dear, tired, loving eyes,
Our balm be Purity's own lotus power.
Why? Because I love three so, my plea!
I cannot let one shackle bind thy brain;
Because I love thee so, my own true heart,
I shackle sin so thou mayst victor reign!

## America's Commodores.

#### RICHARD DALE.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

DALE, Preble, Bainbridge, Barry, Chauncy, Rodgers, are all honored names in our early naval history—are the "fathers," in fact, of our present naval establishment, which came into existence by the act of 1796, to meet menacing dangers. The infant Republic then began to feel its strength; and to assert its power on the high seas became both a necessity of protection to its commerce and a matter of pride, honor, and self-respect. It found among the seamen just the qualities requisite for a naval service, and secured heroes for commanders—among whom Dale, the old lieutenant of Paul Jones, was not the least conspicuous.

whom Dale, the old lieutenant of Paul Jones, was not the least conspicuous.

Richard Dale, was born near Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 16th, 1756, of humble parentage, and went to sea at the early age of twelve, in a vessel commanded by one of his uncles. When the war of the Revolution broke out it found young Dale mate of a large brig. That war drove colonial commerce from the high seas, and Dale entered the Virginia Coast Guard as lieutenant, early in 1776, only to be soon captured by a tender to the English frigate Liverpool and taken a prisoner into Norfolk. There he was persuaded by an old friend to enter the English service, and in a hot engagement with the Coast Guard boats, in May, was severely wounded by a musket-ball on the head. This laid him up for several weeks and resulted in a resolve never to again run against the bullets of solve never to again run against the bullets of

his own countrymen.
Going on a trip to the Bermudas, (July, 1776), in a little coaster, he was overhauled by the Continental cruiser, Lexington, commanded by Captain John Barry—afterward to become commodore in our first national navy. This capture threw the sailor among his countrymen again. He at once volunteered, and Barry had him rated midshipman. Barry left the Lexington soon after, and under Captain Hallock she was captured by an English frigate, (Dec., 1776), and Dale, with three or four others, was taken to the frigate—the rest of the officers and crew being left on the Lexington, to be run in to Norfolk. That very night the prisoners rose on the prize crew, retook their vessel, and ran her into Baltimore in safety.

Dale was soon exchanged, and rejoined the Lexington at Baltimore, under Captain Henry Johnston. She sailed with dispatches to our agents in France, (March, 1777). Reaching Bordeaux, the Lexington joined the "squadron" of Captain Lambert Wickes—consisting of two little vessels, and with them performed the bold feat of running entirely around Ireland, great-ly to the consternation of English ship owners.

But, the daring cruisers were run into a French port by a line of battle-ship, and France, (then at peace with England), was compelled to sequester the American "pirates," as the British were fond of calling the vessels flying the American flag, until the successes of that flag forced a respect from a dogmetic and involved forced a respect from a dogmatic and insolent

The Lexington, however, by an arrangement, put to sea again, in September, but soon fell in with the English man-of-war Alert. A very severe fight followed, when, having much crippled his antagonist, Captain Johnston tried to escape, but was overhauled; a second fight of an hour's duration ensued, and only after the Lexington had thrown her very last shot, did she

Dale and his companions were borne to England and incarcerated in Mill Prison, where they were shamefully treated, under threats of trial for "high trea trial for "nigh treason"—the same brutality shown to Ethan Allen and his companions incar-cerated in Plymouth. Captain Johnston and his resolute fellows escaped, in February, by boring under one of the walls, but, after va-rious adventures, Dale and his one companion were recaptured on a vessel bound for Dun-

He was returned to his old prison, and for forty days was kept in the Black Hole, and oth-

forty days was kept in the Black Hole, and otherwise treated with cruel severity.

A whole year he bore this brutal infliction, and then being supplied, by some friend whose name he never would divulge, with a full suit of British uniform and money, he safely passed the guards and made his second escape, reaching france undetected. France undetected.

Paul Jones was then preparing a squadron for rati Jones was then preparing a squadron for his celebrated descent on the British coast, and Dale proceeded to l'Orient, where the vessels were being fitted. Jones at once made him his master's mate, but discovering the capacity and mettle of the man, had him commissioned first lieutenant, in his own ship, the Bon Homme Richard, just before sailing.

The cruise of this vessel and her consorts—described fully in the sketch of John Paul Jones, SATURDAY JOURNAL,\* No. 318 unquestionably is one of the most remarkable naval adventures in the history of modern way. Delact Lorge! in the history of modern war. Dale as Jones "right-hand man" was the right man in the right place. He was a perfect seaman, vigilant right place. He was a perfect seaman, vigilant and tireless in duty, and brave to utter indifference of danger. No enterprise of his dauntless commander too venturesome for his willing cooperation. Had Jones canvassed the world, he ld not have found a man more to his needs, taste and spirit.

To Dale was committed the leadership in the astoundingly bold attempt to seize the town of

\*See Life of Admiral Paul Jones, in Beadle's Dime Biographical Library—a very romantic and most entertaining volume—in which this cruise of the Bon Homme Richard and her most terrible fight with the Serapis is told in detail.

Leith and wrest from it and Edinburg a heavy ransom. As Dale was then but twenty-three years of age, his assignment to the position shows that his courage and capacity must have been unquestioned. The audacious project was thwarted, at the very moment of its execution, by a severe squall, which turned to a gale and drove the American squadron out to sea for its preservation.

preservation.

In the memorable fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the English 44-gun ship, Serapis (Sept. 19th, 1779), Dale bore almost a commander's part. Indeed, as the second lieutenant had been sent off in the pilot-boat to board a vessel, just before the Serapis and her consort hove in sight, and the third lieutenant had been captured in a small boat off the coast of Ireland, there were no directing officers on the American flag-ship but Jones and Dale. If Jones had been killed or disabled, his young lieutenant must have been sole master of the ship in the terrific night combat. As it was, he held sole or chief command on the gun-deck, and so fought his guns as to do terrible execution, and when the two vessels, lying side by side,

neid sole or chief command on the gun-deck, and so fought his guns as to do terrible execution, and when the two vessels, lying side by side, poured shot into each other, at almost touching distance, the old hull of the Richard was literally riddled and began to fill. Dale thereupon put his one hundred English prisoners at work at the pumps, and, while the awful moonlight duel raged, with a constantly decreasing number of guns, the ship was saved from going down by Dale's decision and resolute bearing in making English subjects indirectly contribute to victory over their own flag.

When, after over two hours' fighting, news was passed down to the gun-deck that the Serapis had struck, Dale ascended to the maindeck and beheld the Englishman's flag down, although his lower guns were still firing. Dale at once sought and received permission to take the prize. He sprung aboard the Serapis by swinging himself over with the pendant of a severed brace hanging from the enemy's main-yard over the Richard's deck. Only Captain Pierson, commander of the Serapis, was on the quarter-deck, where he had struck his flag. As the Richard had wholly ceased firing, the first lieutenant of the enemy came up from his gun-deck, asking if the American had struck. "No, sir," answered Dale; "it is this ship that has struck, and you are my prisoner." The lieutenant was asking if the American had struck. "No, sir," answered Dale; "it is this ship that has struck, and you are my prisoner." The lieutenant was incredulous, but Pierson confirmed the amouncement, and Dale ordered both officers to pass over, at once, to the Richard, before the guns below were silenced. A prize crew was outely transwere silenced. A prize crew was quickly transferred to the Serapis' deck, and the battle wa

ended.

The Richard then worked clear of her prize, and Dale in command of the conquest was ordered to follow. Both ships were in a frightful condition—almost literally honeycombed—and

condition—almost literally honeycombed—and half the crews of each dead or wounded. Dale himself was wounded, but did not discover that fact until the Richard had hauled off; then he found an ugly wound by a splinter in the foot and ankle, and had to transfer the command to Mr. Lunt, the second lieutenant, who came aboard at that opportune moment.

The old Richard was on fire as well as sinking, but all night long detachments from the other ships fought the fire and manned the pumps, and all the next day and succeeding night, in the vain endeavor to carry the old wreck to port; but she was doomed, and at ten o'clock on the 25th she went down, at the scene o'clock on the 25th she went down, at the scene of combat off Flamborough Head, on the English coast. Jones then rigged jury-masts in the Serapis and slowly worked his way, in her, to the Texel roads.

Dale remained with Jones as his first-lieutenant in his succeeding correct and returned with

Dale remained with Jones as his first-lieutenant, in his succeeding career, and returned with him, in the Ariel, reaching Philadelphia Feb. 18th, 1781. He went with Captain Nicholson, in the Trumbull, a 28-gun ship, which encountered three English ships, on the night of Aug. 8th, 1781, off the capes of the Delaware, and after an hour's bloody fight surrendered to two of the enemy. He was again slightly wounded and was taken to New York, paroled and exchanged.

was taken to New York, paroled and exchanged.

No more vessels being available, in the American service, Dale obtained a furlough and joined, as first officer, the fine letter of marque Queen of France, of twelve guns, and soon succeeded to her command. In the spring of 1782 he sailed for France, and had a hot engagement with an English privateer of fourteen guns, when both sailed away, badly cut up. He returned to Philadelphia in February, 1783. Peace following, he was disbanded, and entered the merchant service, in which he was very successful

Such a man could not, however, be permitted of 1794 he was one of six captains to supervise the construction of six frigates to fight the Alnes but the troubles with those ong temporarily arranged, the frigates were not needed, and Dale was put on furlough. He re-turned to his China trade, in his own fine ship the Ganges, which the Government purchased in 1798, armed and gave to Dale to cruise off the coast, in view of impending war with France. But, the other naval captains raising a question of priority of rank, Dale declined the service, until the question was settled, and in the mean time went on a voyage to Canton, in a strongly-

In 1801, questions of rank having been disposed of, he reported for service again, and was ordered to assume command of a squadron of observation to proceed to the Mediterranean where the Moor corsairs were still holding high carnival, exacting tribute from commerce, taking prisoners of all nations, and making slaves of all who were not ransomed in money. The cruise was not fruitless, for his presence there made the Tripolitans very wary. One of his vessels, under Capt. Bainbridge, blockaded a corsair "admiral" and his two vessels in the English port of Gibraltar, where they had the English port of Gibrattar, where they had the right of entry and protection. Another of Dale's ships, the Enterprise, closed in with and captured a corsair, after a very severe conflict; but by a strange condition of the status, as we had not declared war, formally, with the Barbary States, we could not retain their vessels as existed. So, this continued the

prizes! So this capture of the Enterprise was released, and the Moor continued to regard the Christian as his lawful prey.

This anomaly of war without reprisal quite disgusted Dale, and he was not sorry to return, after less than a year's absence. Again, in the fall of 1802, he was ordered to the same station, but finding that he was to go out as captain of his own vessel he resigned wholly from the navy rather than make what he regarded as a descen n rank. This was done in no captious spirit out in deference to an idea of etiquette which h regarded as essential to the morale and discir ne of the navy, whose interest and well-being e never ceased to study. Two sons he gave to be service which he had so honored, and the

old Service which he had so honored, and the first-born, Richard, fell on the decks of his own old Mediterranean flag-ship, the President, in her great fight with the British squadron.

Dale resided in Philadelphia, a much-honored and influential citizen, until his death, which occurred February 26th, 1826.

"Waste not, want not," it is a grand old proverb. "He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much." It is true enough that a person who takes no care of materials committed to his hands by an employer, will not be careful of his own property. Economy and wastefulness are habits that will influence us, whether with our own substance or that of another. As a rule the man or boy who takes care of his employer's goods will be likely to look after his own, and is on the road to prosperity. Some men are worth much more than others, simply because they waste nothing. If an employer be wealthy and stock abundant, that is no excuse for waste or carelessness. weathy and stock abundant, that is no excuse for waste or carelessness. Loss is loss, and rob-bery is robbery whether it be in much or in lit-tle. It is forcibly said that "Heaven allows nothing to be destroyed." There has not been a single drop of water wasted since the creation. The decomposed elements of the present autumn will supply aliment for the next spring. Economy, rigid economy, is one of the laws of nature; and we shall not realize the "good time coming" until we are careful and economical.

#### JENNIE'S YEA AND NAY.

BY MARO OF ROLFE.

I asked Jennie would she marry me; She promptly said me nay, And then I went my way, Thinking Jennie did not care for me.

But Miss Jennie one day said to me, When we were all alone, I had a stranger grown; And she, blushing, shook her head at me. I asked Jennie did she care for me?

Or was this coquette's art? She gave to me her heart, And she, laughing, said she'd marry me. Now when Jennie shakes her head at me. And speaks her plainest nay, I know that she means yea. And intends to nod her head at me.

## The Gamin Detective;

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk. A Story of the Centennial City.

> BY CHARLES MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO OLD COMPANIONS. It was noon on Monday. Will spent his din-ner-hour in Independence Square, a spot sa-cred to his old associates of boot-blacking pro-

pensities.

He had given up eating for the pleasure of interviewing. He had already had an earnest talk with some half dozen of the boys, and now approached another, who was just entering the Square from Walnut street.

The latter was a boy of Will's own age, a bare-footed, bare-armed, ragged young citizen, with a keen, wide-awake look on his overly-clear face.

face.

"Hallo, Joe!" cried Will.

"Well, I'll be swagged if it ain't Willful Will!" cried Joe, taking Will's offered hand.

"How goes it, old crony?" said Will.

"Old-fashioned. You've been on the coast and know the ropes. Well, if you ain't got up gallus! New shoes, and paper-collar, and a ribbon on his hat! Must have dropped into a fortune."

I am in a store, Joe. We must dress, you "I am in a store, Joe. We must dress, you know, in better toggery than you want here."

"In a store, hey? Know'd you'd come to something. Does it pay, Will? Ain't it dreadful wearing? Seems to me I'd seem like a spar-

"I did at first," said Will, drawing his friend

to a seat. "You soon get broke in, though. I like it better than the street now."

"And you've got to say 'sir,' to folks, and take off your hat, and have counter-jumpers order you around like a dog. Dunno how you stand it. You licked me once for trying to put it on you."

"I don't stand it any better, now," said Will.
"They can't come none of their jokes on me.
One feller tried it and I cured him. They've

One feller tried it and I cured him. They've been mighty politic ever since."

"Is that so?" said Joe, looking at Will as at one who has made a successful voyage of discovery. "Shoot me if I ain't got a notion of trying it. I'm getting too big for this job. How did you get a place?"

"I asked for it, and wouldn't take no for an answer of the successful tried in the second secon

"I asked for it, and wouldn't take no for an answer. I jist captured it."

"You're the chap for that," said Joe, admiringly. "Wish you'd work me in somewhere. You must be getting to know folks."

"I'll work for you," answered Will. "It's about time you was giving up this trade. You're well posted about town yourself, Joe."

"Not among bizness folks. Know a good deal about downtowners. Ain't many cribs I haven't been in or smelt out."

"I used to know the shady places all over town."

"So do I," said Joe, with an eager display of knowledge. "I've been there. Could lay my hand on half the burglars in town, and all Bet I could name some that would stump

Bet you couldn't," said Joe.

"Fil go ten cents I can."
"I'll go ten cents I can."
"I'll cover it," said Joe, producing a piece of soiled currency of that value. "But you ain't to go on all day. Won't give you but three

chances."

"That's square," said Will. "Let's see now.
Where's Ned Hogan's Retreat?"

"Shippen, below Second, and one chance sold cheap," said Joe, triumphantly.

cheap," said Joe, triumphantly.
"Wher's Tim the Tinker's crib? Think I've ot you there."
"Not by a jug full," cried Joe, with an eager laugh. "It's on Beach street, above Brown.
Guess I'll rake down them tens."
"You're pretty well posted, Joe," said Will,

with a reflective pause Calculate to throv

ou on the next, though."
"Tain't in the wood," said Joe, confidently.
"It's a namesake of yours. You ought to now your own relations. Where's Black-eyed

Joe's Mill?"

Will gazed at him triumphantly, as Joe sat scratching his head with an air of reflection.

"That's my cash," he said.

"Hold up," said Joe. "Give a feller time to think. I don't know him by that name. But I've got a notion I could nail him. Ain't goin' to give up the bet till it's settled."

"Who's the man you're thinking of?"

"It's Joe Prime, that keeps the confidential house in a little street off of South street. He's got eyes black as coal, and I once heard his

got eyes black as coal, and I once heard his place called the mill. You're sold, Will. Pass ver them tens.

"He's a fence, then, and keeps a stock of bur-glar's goods in store?" "That's him," said Joe. "1 follered some light-fingered nobs there once, and nailed him. The bet ain't settled vet," said Will. "Where

Joe gave a more precise description of its lo-"I've a notion you've nailed it, Joe," said Will. "Meet me on the corner of the alley to-night before eight, and we'll settle." "What the blue blazes is that for?" asked Joe,

suspiciously. "Are you trying a sell on me? If you are, I'm blowed if I can't polish you." "You never seen the day you could do that, Joe. And nobody knows it better than you. Can't say now if there's anything in the wind or

Jist meet me there, that's all."
"I never tramp on a blind scout."
"I want you. Ain't that enough?" said Will, patiently. "You're as curious as an old woimpatiently Say half-past seven, sharp, at the cor-l'll tell you then if you've won your bet t. Can't tell now."

"You're goin' into perlice bizness, Will."
Did you ever steal?" asked Will.

"Did you ever steal?" asked Will.

"Never a pin's worth."

"Then it's the best bizness you can go into.
You've begun honest, and you'd best keep honest. But you beat thunder at smelling out thieves. Don't you miss being there."

Joe sunk into a deep cogitation after Will had left him. He was considering the unsought tribute to his powers which had just been given him, and wondering in his own mind if he was not cut out by nature for a detective.

Will spent the afternoon quietly in the store

Will spent the afternoon quietly in the store, ate a hasty and frugal supper, and reached the rendezvous at the hour named.

Joe was already there, lounging easily upon curbstone in South street. He gazed wondera curbstone in South street. He gazed wonderingly at Will.
"Well, I'm blowed," he said, "if the feller ain't dropped his store toggery and come out in his old rig. I can smell a rat now, and a big

Will was hardly recognizable in the dilapida-

ted suit he wore, and in the highly ventilated felt hat, which he pulled down like a mask over

"If things work well you'll get something to cover this," said Will, as he handed Joe the amount of the bet. Seen anybody go up the

"No. only been here five minutes."
"Let's look in then. Show me the house."
The two boys strolled carelessly into the narrow street. It was just wide enough to let a wagon through comfortably, and ended abrupt-

ly at a similar street running at right angles to it. The locality was not redolent of sweet It was bordered by houses on each side, of fair size for the location, but in very bad condition. The street swarmed with children.

fair size for the location, but in very bad condi-tion. The street swarmed with children. On the corner of the second small street stood a house of more pretensions. It was a three-storied brick, of wide front. The main room, on storied brick, of wide front. The main room, on the corner, was used as a bar-room, bearing an unpretentious sign of "Imported Wines and Liquors." The name of the landlord, "Joe Prime," accompanied this very dubious an-

Prime, accompanied this very mouncement.

The place seemed well patronized, and the noise within gave evidence of the exciting qualities of Joe Prime's liquor, if it said little for

their purity.

"That's not the place," said Will, decisively.

"might as well make a fence-shop of the Custom House." There are other ways in," said Joe, lead-

Will now saw that the house extended a considerable distance back, with a yard fence along this second street. A gate in this fence stood

this second street. A gate in this fence stood very slightly ajar.

"That's the back door way," said Joe.

"I want a squint at the landlord now," said Will, pushing into the bar-room, through the

throng of loungers.

Behind the bar was a flashily-dressed young fellow, with as much evil in his face as it would conveniently hold, busily dealing out liquid poison to his customers.

The latter were a motley set, in all stages of intoxication. The scene was no new one to Will, however, and his sensibilities were not with, however, and his sensibilities were not easily shocked.

As he stood, looking sharply through the throng of customers, a door behind the bar opened, and a man in his shirt-sleeves entered. A glance told Will that this was the person who

had been described to him, and satisfied him that it was the man he wanted.

He was small, but stoutly built, swarthy almost as an Indian, with straight black hair, and eyes of deep blackness. He cast a surly glance over the room, speaking to some of the drunken wretches about the bar in no amiable tones.

Will slipped quietly out of the room.

Will slipped quietly out of the room.
"That's Black-eyed Joe," he said, on meeting is friend outside

"What comes next, then?"
"I 'spect some folks here at eight o'clock.
They'll be like to take the gate for it, but might

They'll be like to take the gate for it, but might try the front door."

"Yes. What then?"

"You and me are to see them, and fix their photographs in our heads. You take your stand here, where you've got a set at the front door. You're posted in thieves and sich, and don't let any go in without your nailing them. I'll take my squint at the gate. I think it's like my fellers will take that route."

Will's way of taking the gate was to coil him self in a heap against the opposite fence and to

Will's way of taking the gate was to coil him self in a heap against the opposite fence, and to be apparently lost in slumber.

He slept, however, with both eyes wide open. He had not been there five minutes before a man came quietly up the alley, looking suspiciously around. He saw Will, but paid no attention to him. In an instant he had opened the gate and disappeared in the yard.

Ten minutes passed of Will's silent watch, when two men came along in company. They were eagerly debating the merits of some prizefighter.

were eagerly debating the merits of some prize-fighter.

He expected they would pass by, but they boldly opened the gate and passed in, closing it behind them.

Several more men came up the alley, but passed on without stopping.

A half-hour of Will's silent watch had passed,

and he was about to give it up, under the impression that all his birds were caged, when a ourth man came along.

Will waited to see if he, too, would pass by. He came on with a hesitating step, his hat drawn down low over his eyes, and his hand stroking his whisker in such a way that half his

The boy lay quiet as death, not a muscle mov-The new-comer paused a moment opposite the gate, glancing furtively around. Then with a gate

ck, stealthy movement he opened the gate "Bet a goose I know you," said Will to himself, as he rose to his feet. "Won't there be ructions when I let the cat out of the bag! Guess the coons are all treed now. What's the news, Joe?"

news, Joe?"

"Nothing," said the latter, who had approached on seeing Will rise. "They're all lambs my side of the house. What's your luck?"

"Four foxes," said Will, pointing to the gate.

"Four loxes," said will, pointing to the gate.
"There's their hole," he continued.
He indicated a window in the second story, in which a light had just appeared. A curtain inside came down to within an inch of the bot-

Want to follow it up?" asked Joe. "If it's in the wood."

"Let's shin it up that shed, then. We can climb like squirrels. It's risky, but if there's anything in it we ain't afeard of risk."

"I'm your hoss," was Will's sententious an-

There was no one in the street just then. The shed came down nearly to the fence. Climbing to Will's shoulders, Joe was in an instant on top

In a second more he was stretched flat on the low shed.

This evolution was not so easy for Will. He and nobody's shoulders to climb from. After ooking round irresolutely for a moment, a bold hought came into his head.

He opened the gate a crack and glanced into yard. It was empty.
lot a second lost Will. A barrel stood beside the fence. One quick leap and he was on top. A light squirming motion and he was flat on the

Joe had meanwhile crept to the window and

vas looking in.
"What luck?" whispered Will, as his companion dropped his head.

"Bully!" replied Joe, in a like tone. "The whole four are in, and Joe Prime with them. Jist worm up this way, and take a squint."

CHAPTER XVII.

GUARDIAN AND WARD JENNIE ARLINGTON'S sorrow had worn off, and had been replaced by a sentiment of anger and bitterness of spirit. That a man like John Elkton should be seized as a common felon, a man of the purest character and unstained reputation to be thrown into prison on a bare sus-

picion, seemed an utter outrage.

She was in no mood to appreciate the reasons for this arrest, or to consider the very dubious position in which his refusal to explain placed him. She was looking at his character with eyes of love, and it vexed her that the world was blight to what seemed so evident to her vas blind to what seemed so evident to her was blind to what seemed so evident to her. She was angry with her guardian, with the officer, with Mr. Wilson, with every party concerned. Even the unoffending bow shared in this resentment. She would have taken it from her dressing-table and trampled it under foot,

but on looking for it it was gone.

This discovery increased her resentment. Mr.

Leonard, then, had entered her room, possessed himself of her lover's last gift to her, and intended to use it with the hope of convicting him

of robbery.

She had been pale and drooping these last few lays. He had desisted from asking the cause. He knew it too well, and shrunk from an encounter with grief which he could not relieve.

To-day she was red and blooming, and he "There would be no seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the stay of the stay of the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the stay of the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the stay of the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming about it. I am driven from your house. I have stayed in it as love the seeming

ventured to compliment her on the favorable

change.

"I am glad to see your color coming back again, Jennie," he said. "You begin to look like your old self again. I could not bear to see you so cast down as you have been for some days

you so cast down as you have been for some days past."

"I do not think it could have troubled your mind very deeply," she replied, in a bitter tone.

"Why do you say that, Jennie?" was his surprised rejoinder. "You know that no father could feel more tenderly toward you than I do."

"I know that no stranger could have done me a deeper wrong than you have done," she replied, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Such language seems to me utterly uncalled for," he answered, with a deeply-pained look.

"Why have you thrown John Elkton into prison?" was her unflinching reply.

"It could not be avoided, Jennie. You should know that. He is found with a piece of stolen goods in his possession. He refuses to tell where he obtained it. The law holds such a man guilty, and so does common sense. I am very sorry to have wounded you, but could not act otherwise. If he is innocent, why is he silent?"

"You know he is innocent," she hotly replied.

"There is nothing you know better. He is incapable of such an action, and you know it. If I alone knew him, and he was a stranger to you it would be different. You have known him as long as I have, and as well. You know he is innocent."

"You are young," he calmly answered.

"You are young," he calmly answered.
"You have not studied human nature deeply.
Implicit trust is not to be placed in any man."
"That is the argument of a policeman," she replied, "one who only sees the evil side of

men."

"It is the argument of experience," he rejoined. "All young people tend to trust in human nature. Most old people have their eyes so opened by fraud and deceit that they incline

to doubt all unproved characters."
"Do you mean to say that John Elkton's character is unproved?" she asked, with a quick

glance.
"I was not making any application of my words," he quickly replied. "He is a man, with human weaknesses. What do we know of his life, outside of his visits here? We do not know how or where he spends his time, nor who are his associates. He does not see you very fre-

quently."
"You will hint next that he is deceiving me," "You will hint next that he is deceiving me," was her hot answer. "He visits me as often as he can, and I have perfect faith in his love and his honesty. I do not need to have him always under my eyes to know and trust him. That would be a sorry rule."

"It might often prove a good one," he answered.

swered.

"You know it is not in his case. You know it is not, sir," she cried, rising impatiently and pacing the floor. "You have deeply pained and mortified me, Mr. Leonard. But if you should throw him into a convict's cell you could not break my love and faith. I am proud, and can feel keenly the disgrace in which you have plunged me. But I would not desert him were it tenfold deeper. You know John Elkton, and you dare not say that you believe him guilty. You do not believe it."

"I cannot help doubting him, Jennie," he replied.

"Doubt him!" she cried. "And is a mere doubt warrant enough for you to take such action, to injure and disgrace him, to wound me so deeply? You doubt him! If you had seen your goods in his possession it would not have given you a right to doubt him without further trees?"

proof."

"They were found in his possession," he replied, as hotly as herself. "He was found making presents of them. And as for further proof we have it in his silence. If he is innocent why does he refuse to clear himself?"

"I don't know. He has good reasons for it. If guilty why did he give me that silk, and so bring it directly before your eyes?"

"I did not consider that," he said, thoughtfully.

ly.

"You did not consider anything," was her bitter reply. "You acted as hastily as if he had been an utter stranger, and caught in the act of robbery. It is certain that you did not consider me. I and my feelings and position were quite left out of the account."

"I think we had better close this conversation," he mildly answered. "You are hot and passionate now. When you are cooler you can better appreciate my action."

"I appreciate it now," she replied, more hotly still. "Not content with having him seized as a felon you must enter my room, search among my things, carry off that miserable bow, make me a party to this base persecution of my make me a party to this base persecution of my lover. And this all hidden from me. My room entered as by a thief in the night, and robbed of its treasures. Why did you not ask me for the

'I took it from your table, where it lay conspicuously. I did not deem it necessary to ask you. Nor do I like such language as this."
"You have laid yourself open to it by your action," she answered, pacing the floor with an excitement that would not let her keep still.

I will cling to my lover, sir, whatever you do rith him. You cannot turn me against him. He is an innocent, injured man. And I will not be made a party to this vile persecution. I demand a return of the bow that was taken from my room without my knowledge."
"You cannot have it," he replied, his cheek flushed with anger. "It is in the hands of the authorities. And there it must remain as evi-

"You have robbed me, and I will not submit to it," she passionately replied.
"I have only possessed myself of my own, which was robbed from me," he sharply answered.
"Here thousands of dollars' worth of

goods and money are stolen from me. I am in langer of being ruined by these mysterious robberies. At length I get on the trail of the thieves. I find one person open to the strongest suspicion. I arrest him and secure the proof against him. And now you would have me stay my hand, close the door I have opened, and allow myself to be blindly ruined. I feel for you, Jennie, but you are not reasonable to-day.

I must protect myself."

"And ruin me and my betrothed. And by mere sophistry. You know the proof against him is but a shadow. You know he is innocent, and will explain himself in time. But, no, you send an officer to him, who asks him some imperting and arrests him because he pertinent questions, and arrests him because he declines to answer so suddenly. I uphold him in not answering now. Neither would I if treated so unjustly "He has laid himself open to it," Mr. Leonard

replied.

"Then am I open to it," she hotly rejoined, laying her hand on the table, and looking him fiercely in the eyes. "The silk was found in my possession. I refused to tell where I got it, with the silk was represented by the silk was represented by the silk with the silk was found in the silk both to you and to your insulting minion, Wilson. Why did you not arrest me? There was all and more evidence against me than against him. I have not yet admitted that it I have not yet admitted that it came

"We know it well enough," he replied.
"As for his silence I doubt not it has as good carrant as mine." Yours is explained. His is not. The law is

no respecter of such scruples."

"Very well, Mr. Leonard," she more quietly replied. "You have shown your hand fully, and established yourself as my declared enemy. I can no longer remain under your your roof.
Two houses must hold us from this henceforth.
I cast my lot with John Elkton. I will be true "Now, child, you are talking pure nonsense," said Mr. Leonard, gravely. "I cannot consent to any such madness. It would look well, indeed, to let you seem as if driven from my

house There would be no seeming about it.

"This is madness, girl. Go where? What is to become of you? Who is to take care of you?" "I am not friendless, sir. I can find refuge with people who will consider me before their own self-interest."

own self-interest."

"You must not, you shall not act like a spoiled child!" he said, vigorously. "I never thought that you would accuse me of lack of interest in you. I that have done so much for you, far more than you know or conjecture. If you knew all you would not treat me so."

"If I knew all! What is there for me to know?"

know?"
"I cannot tell you now, Jennie. I have been in cannot tell you now, Jennie. I have been in cannot tell you now, Jennie. more a friend to you than you imagine, and it it pains me to have you turn on me in this

way."
"This is a new mystery, Mr. Leonard," replied Jennie. "I cannot engage to be grateful for something I never heard of, and do not seem likely to hear of. I know you only as my guardian, the custodian of moneys left by my father. You have been kind and considerate to an unruly child, I admit. But you are in this case neither kind nor considerate."
"I am more than your guardian," he replied "There is a secret connected with your life which I have been charged to reveal when you came of age."

which I have been charged to reveal when you came of age."

"A secret! A disgraceful secret!" she cried.

"How could I, a child, have incurred any disgrace? What is this secret? I am not afraid of it. These half-revealings are tenfold worse than silence. Does it affect my father?"

"Your father. He was an honorable man. There is no whisper against him."

"My father! You emphasize this as if he was not my father. I demand to know what you mean by these innuendoes. It is not fair, sir, to revenge yourself on my just indignation by such an insinuation as this."

"I have said too much, Jennie. More than I thought of saying at this time. I withdraw it all."

all."
"Withdraw!" she cried, with a scornful ac "What am I to think of such language? Who is my father and what has he done to disgrace me? I must have an answer."

"I did not speak of disgrace. There are misfortunes that are no disgrace."

"What misfortune, then?"

"I will saw no move now. I have said too.

"I will say no more now. I have said too much already. Some day when you are cooler, and will not think me revengeful I will tell you to what I allude."

And meanwhile leave me to miserable conjectures," she said, sinking wearlly in her chair.
"You have no occasion for it. Dismiss this
matter from your mind for the present. But
you must give up your foolish idea of leaving
my house."

my house."
"You have driven me to it," she said, flushing

up again.
"You are blinding yourself now, Jennie, and

wronging me."
"I don't know anything!" she
"I don't know that my loy cried, passionately. "I only know that my lover is in prison, that he is innocent, and that you have placed him there. I know no more, and can bear no more now."

With a hasty movement she rose and left the room, her face haunting him with its pain and reproach.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 365.)

BY THE SEA

BY WILL R. CISUA

I wandered alone by the sad, sad sea, By the restless sea, by the storm-tossed sea, And thought of the years which had hurried I Since its crest had kissed the door of the sky.

Oh, cruel sea! oh, beautiful sea! Too true are the stories you tell unto me, Through thy angry murmurings, thy far-fetch ed moans, Bespeaking thy terrors in unearthly tones.

Oh, sun-kissed sea! oh, treacherous sea! How many lives hath been given to thee! How many forms once fraught with life Hath been snatched by thee with hands so

## The Red Cross:

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland. A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LEARNING LOVE OF LOVE. Ir was well on in the afternoon when Herman entered the drawing-room of Colonel Valrose's handsome house in Lexington avenue, bearing to Cordelia Colonel Valrose's request.

Sixteen hours had passed since he had parted

from her in the Hippodrome, sending her to protect her invalid mother while he bore to some unknown asylum her two fathers, the long-loved but only would-be one, and the stranger who was

The blow struck, and by Herman's advice and aid; how would she meet him, now that she had had time for the speechless sufferings of the reaction? Now that she had seen her idolized mother fainting and writhing under the anguish of the inexplicable circumstances of the past night; now that she had taken time to look into her own heart with its dim and blasted future before it; now that she saw herself stripped of all the honor, wealth and pleasure that makes life agreeable to the modern woman, and committed to poverty, obscurity and secret shame, as the sole staff and stay of her hapless mother? She had nobly refused to count on the War

ren-Guilderland fortune as long as Griffith Thetford, and after him, Jonas Kercheval, lived.
She knew that Colonel Valrose's money, what
he had of it, belonged by right to Margaret and
not to Madeline, and that Jonas Kercheval had
none to endow Madeline with—that he was only
prevented from claiming Madeline as Valrose. claimed Margaret by his poverty and madness; how would Cordelia meet the stranger who had brought all this to pass?

Stay—there was yet an outlet for Cordelia! No need for her to immolate herself on the altar of filial devotion; no need for her to suffer fear

and poverty by her mother's side; a door stood widely open for her escape, she had but to pass through into distinction and wealth.

Griffith Thetford wished to marry her.

A curious frown settled upon Berthold's brow as he thus mused; he rose uneasily and paced the length of the apartment, turning the new idea over in his mind with more discomfort them. idea over in his mind with more dis any change in his own circumstances, however disastrous, could have caused him.

Unaware of Adalgisa's last stroke of business, and only remembering Cordelia's ignorance of Thetford's secret affliction and the crime Gaylure supposed him to have committed, recalling too the pleasant youth and beauty of the heir-at-law—"what," thought he, "could be more natural? She will marry him now if she would have refused him before; she is but a helpless lady, unaccustomed to the struggle for subsistence: what else can she do?"

ence; what else can she do?"

With the frown still on his face he heard a rustle behind him; Cordelia was here, holding out her two hands with her own proud yet child-

Well?" said the philosopher, as inconsequently as any other man whose senses had been bedazzled by a charming woman. We meant to say: "Is this kind salutation, this confiding approach, that beautiful and seductive smile the proach, that beautiful and seductive smile the expression of your real feelings toward me?" but he only said: "Well?" in his usual curt, straightforward, ringing voice, and his eyes melting from gloom to warmth; and the lady heard the full tone and read the sunny glance,

and suspected not the heart-throb that accompa- chosen wife; they loved each other, was not

when they were seated side by side upon the sofa, he facing her with a keen watch upon her, she answered:

"It is indeed well; I thank God and you, sir,"

sne answered:

"It is indeed well; I thank God and you, sir,"
(this she said with a solemn reverence that sat
passing well upon her, so that the skeptic felt
rather than thought; "after all, religion seems
but an added grace to a woman.) The wind—
as our Holy Bible says—has been 'tempered to
the shorn lamb' in a manner which I can never
express enough gratitude for. My poor mother
caught just enough of the fracas last night to
fly to the conclusion, aided by my inevitable
hesitation in making any explanation of his absence—that Colonel Valrose had been killed by
an accident; she has lain ever since in a stupor,
which the physicians assure me will save both
life and reason. The worst is over, she need
never know the truth now. But what is the
truth? Ah! Dr. Herz, my father—Colonel Valrose, I mean, has sunk low in your estimation no
doubt, but we who knew him best, mother and
I, love him faithfully; yet I have had plenty of
time in her darkened and silent chamber to eat
my heart out in anxiety on his account."

As the gentle creature spoke thus, without the
slightest attempt at tragedy or sensation, Berthold thought how beyond all praise and admi-

ightest attempt at tragedy or sensation, Ber thold thought how beyond all praise and admi-ration was woman's love, when its quality was this; and wondered what grand deed that poets have sung and the world applauded, was ever nobler than this, that a girl whose life was wrecked by the folly of one who was not even her lover, should still love and cling to him,

her lover, should still love and cling to him, knowing his offense!

But he said nothing of these thoughts; instead he told her the particulars of the interview be-tween Kercheval and Valrose; ending with Val-rose's request that she would grant him a fare-well

well.

Cordelia bent down her face that her gushing tears of joy should not be seen; her little clasped hands were trembling in her lap.

She had purchased his love, then—no better still, his love had been hers all the time; oh, God! how sweet it was to remember that she had been willing to lay down her life to save his, since he had loved her even then!

"You shrink from the useless suffering?" said Berthold, mistaking her silence. She litted her

Berthold, mistaking her silence. She lifted her

Berthold, mistaking her shence. She littled her face, irradiated.

"No-no-it is pure rapture that holds me during the faltered; "I shall have a chance of telling him how I adore him—how I sympathize with him; I shall console him, my dear—dear—" he checked the agitated outburst, she could say

The great scientist looking on, coveted this woman's love with a sudden, fierce, craving hun-

graceiul, girlish form as it swayed with emo-fion before him, and he gathered her, trembling with unspeakable ecstasy, to his heart, open for the first time to human affection.

"Woman of my heart—adored!" he muttered, in his own language, scarce knowing that he spoke.

in his own language, scarce knowing that he spoke.

She rested one moment, dumb with a great astonishment, and her eyes, blue and true as heaven, swept up to his in affright. His look—and his whisper, for she spoke German—told her all, and she fled from his clasp, pale, trembling, and covered with pain and shame and gathering indignation, that he should so presume, as upon one already won. He foo rose, scarcely less pale than she, with the shock of his own emotions, and dismay at what he had done.

"Forgive me!" he cried, with sudden intense earnestness and pleading, seeing her turning to leave him; "upon my oath, madam, the act was involuntary, and passed quick as the spark to the powder magazine. I knew it not till now; I love you, Miss—forgive me!"

He saw the pallor swept away by a sudden, burning, brilliant blush, and how her bosom swelled and panted, and her clasped hands shook; but her long burnished lashes hid her eyes, and her lips were silent. The throe of terror lest he had offended her past forgiveness was forgotten in the gush of all-mastering exultation with which he recalled what had floated

ror lest he had offended her past forgiveness was forgotten in the gush of all-mastering exultation with which he recalled what had floated dimly in his mind once already, that she loved him. He was at her side again, not touching her this time, for his reverence was equal to his love, but bending low over her, so that his mesmeric gaze drew her eyes to his, whether she would or no, and these souls looked at one another, almost as clearly as if no corporeal vail were between. And presently he put his exultant thought into speech.

his motives, his life, his plan of existence—his past—all that goes to make up entity—the constant themes; then the breathless moment last night when her spirit had stirred to his touch and tone with a sudden bewildering recognition f both as having come into her life once before it wanted but the touch of his hand now arm and passionate, and that look in his eyes, wake her woman's heart from its long blind dream of maiden freedom, and to show her that this man was the law of her life, toward whom all her feelings surged with the sweet, unrea-soning, tumultuous madness of woman's first

As his exultant whisper rushed by her, and his eyes burned into hers, his hands stealing up on hers, his heart beating loudly nearer and nearer, and the child was melting inch by inch into his arms, a thought, sudden, tearin keen as a knife in her bosom, flashed througher trance of happiness; it was, "This, my life her trance of happiness; it was, "This, my life's Lord, believes not in a God; dare I, loving him

so, place myself under his influence?"

And her rich blushes faded, and her eyes, steeped in love's intoxicating languor, shrunk, kening with a breathless, numbing pain In a dream she heard his words begin to flow, earnest, reverent, rich with a passion as yet unwasted by a single drop on the dusty highway of his life-path hither; thrilling and eloquent as only such gracious affection could be; but a knell was tolling all the while in Cordelia's heart, and her face was blenching slowly. She turned upon him soon, interrupting the gentle voice, sending a great pang through his craving heart

Say—no—more!" gasped she, as if in flames, is you ask is impossible."

He drew back, amazed, and looked at her. She neither met nor avoided his burning gaze; she stood before him motionless, breathless, vacant-eyed, like some young creature in its sum-mer prime watching death approach. Only her lips moved, and they were white and dry. "Im-possible! impossible!" she sighed.

Why?" at last the German found breath to say, in a voice that was surely never his.
"Because I dare not!" she answered, feebly and with a little quick motion of the hand, as if she would at once bless and bid him an eternal farewell, she moved away. But the man's pas-sion has risen; strong as he is it is his master, and he acts perforce at its bidding. He tride safter her, and barring her way, bends down and for-

ces her to meet his glowing, resolute eyes.
"Madam, I have told you the truth. I love and would crave the happiness of making mine. You also love me, in your eyes I read it—knowing this, then, why do you treat me so?"

e said, urgently.
Seeing that he would not be put off, she steeled herself to show him the hopeless abyss that yawned between them.

yawned between them.

"It is all very simple," she moaned, folding and unfolding her hands upon her breast, as if the restless pain there would keep obtruding its stings upon her notice. "You are so much stronger than poor I, that sooner or later you would merge my life into yours, and then, where would be my allegiance to the Creator of up both?"

chosen wife; they loved each other, was not that enough?

"If you were less admirable," Cordelia continued, mournfully, her clear eyes resting in unspeakable love and grief upon him, "if I could question ever so slightly the sincerity of your skepticism; if your life was less noble in its aim and its tenor; if I felt myself more your equal, intellectually and morally, and—loved you less," she faltered in accents he had to strain his ears to catch, "I might, if I was weak and self-indulgent enough, be your wife. But now—you see? Good-by!" And she would have escaped; but he caught her again, and, holding her fiercely, cried:

But now—you see? Good-by! And she would have escaped; but he caught her again, and, holding her fiercely, cried:

"But what has all this to do with us? Do you suppose I am fool or madman enough to wish to deprive my wife of her creed, as long as it smooths the roughnesses of her life-path and consoles her sorrows? What if I do believe it a delusion, unworthy the credence of a philosopher? Do I desire philosophy in my wife? Ah! it is her woman's heart I desire, not a fellow student, at home equally with myself among the grave themes which occupy the man of learning. Cordelia, believe me, your objection is no objection at all."

She shook her head mutely; in his passionate clasp and under the loverly fire of his gaze, she felt her heart rising up to obscure the workings of her head. She gently and firmly released herself, retreated a little, and confronted him.

"I am only a woman, whose mind is but the poor little fish-pond compared with the ocean which is yours," she said, low-voiced; "when it comes to argument between us I am dumb. But I have my compensation: I have my convictions, my intuition; without reasoning at all I know just as well as though it had been logically proven that were I to marry you I could never rest in peace in my religious belief until I had the assurance that you also acknowledged a God. Wait!" (for he would have interrupted her with some slight scorn)—"I am no bigot, no slave to any ecclesiastical form, and it would be little to me whether you followed any special formula or worshiped God according te the peculiar need of your own soul, but you would have to worship Him somehow, or else my life would be different," she added, with simple pathos.

Herman saw that she was really speaking the most server of her sent that the tenture of the real that the tenture

you less, it would be different," she added, with simple pathos.

Herman saw that she was really speaking the unalterable conviction of her soul, that this one point upon which they differed, trifling and visionary as he had deemed it, was a wall between them, wide as earth and high as Heaven. It seemed monstrous to him in that first moment of galling disappointment that what he had ever thought but a child's fond dream, the Christian's Immortal Hope, should have the power to blast the lives of two people who would otherwise have walked together, haloed by no ordinary glory of happiness.

"And for this—this cruel fallacy, you sacrifice yourself and me!" he exclaimed, in bitter scorn. "So cramping is religious fanaticism that it dwarfs even such a spirit as yours—so pitiably self-centered that it outrages the most beautiful impulses of nature! Had I been sagacious enough to affect a faith, you would have been quite satisfied, even had it begun and ended in profession."

"No, no—a thousand times no!" she exclaim—"

gacious enough to ayect a fath, you would have been quite satisfied, even had it begun and ended in profession."

"No, no—a thousand times no!" she exclaimed, with solemn fervor; "I respect and revere you as you are; I should despise you if, for my sake—for any sake except Truth's, you professed to change your views."

"All the same you would prefer to wed a professor of Christianity, even though he were but a professor, and worshiped your God no more in his heart than I do," retorted he, sardonically.

She made a passionate gesture of dissent, and then, in a sudden access of heart-yearning, she laid her tender hands upon his, and, the great tears trembling on her lashes, cried:

"You are an honest man; you don't willfully reject belief in our God, only you have never turned your attention to that subject. Oh, do now spare a little of your great intellect, and some of your time, to looking into it—since you are so genuine right through; I know God will meet you half-way, and you shall yet know and confess Him!" And as the young creature spoke the fervid words, the philosopher felt a thrill, for in her dilated eye, exalted figure, and vibrating tones, his soul caught the choes of prophesy. But he lausched bitterly and scoffingly.

brating tones, his soul caught the echoes of prophesy. But he laughed bitterly and scoffingly, and turned his face away.

"Meantime," the low, delicate voice went on, while the tender hands tightened their loving clasp, "let us be friends, true, real friends—not as the world holds friendship an intimecy made were between. And presently he put his exultant thought into speech.

"Yes—yes—it is true; she loves me, too!" he sighed, his usually calm, self-contained face transfigured with the eloquence of profound passion; and he held out his eager hands to her, wooing—wooing her!

Remember what thoughts the high-souled girl had had about the man; her instinctive recognition of his grand and lofty nature; the many engrossing reveries of which he was the hero; his motives, his life, his plan of existence—his phase of affection," she went on, dreamily, "I could give you that. The reservoir seems to me to be inexhaustible, and you are the one in the world who can draw a single drop of it! At least as pertains to this phase of affection," she went on, dreamily, "I single drop of it! At least as pertains to this phase of affection," she went on, dreamily, "I have loved many and many a time, but differently, ah, so differently! To love is indeed a necessity of my nature, and hitherto I have lavished all upon my mother and—and him. But you—oh, sir, let me love you in my own way, consecrating my life to you, praying night and day for the barrier that is between us to be

removed; will you?"
"Adorable woman!" breathed her lover, car ried away by her generous enthusiasm, "is it I to whom your touch is rapture, whom you su for permission to let you be my friend?" And with tears in his eyes, he reverently pressed her hand to his quivering lips.

They reseated themselves once more hand in hand, both touched and exalted by the singular purity of their emotions. And the interview at last ended in their closely cementing the bond of a friendship, unique in its divine absence of all base passion, yet warm, true and ardent enough to satisfy the most tropical of natures. For Herman was clever enough, and fortunate enough, to perceive, as soon as she had made the strange request, that this was the one woman in a thousand who was capable of friendship with a man, a friendship as free of earth-passion or self as if she also was a man; and, oh! rare miracle, he was so genuine himself as to accept in simple good faith just what she offered him-

When they had enjoyed an hour of sweetest communion, he drawing forth the shy, exquisite treasures of his new friend's mind, and she catching glimpses through the lifted vail of his ustomary proud reserve, of a life and purpose air and gracious in the extreme, the claims of outside life once more pressed upon them, and they pose to meet them, refreshed as only the divine elixir of such high association can refresh the weary plodder on life's crowded but ah, so

often! solitary highway.

Herman conducted Cordelia to Colonel Valrose, and placing her in his arms, relinquished

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.) POOR RICHARD.—A stitch in time saves nine.

Idleness is the key to beggary Trade is the mother of mo beforehand with your busine spend and be free, but make no waste

Prayer and provender hinders no journey. Credit is like a looking-glass, easily broken. He who looks not before, finds himself behind. They must hunger in frost that will not work Visits should be short, like a winter's day; lest

ou're too troublesome, hasten away.

The sun never repents of the good he does; nor does he ever demand a recompense.

Nothing brings more pain than too much pleasure; nothing more bondage than too much liber-

The sleeping fox catches no poultry. He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night. Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee; they can never thrive who spend their time in

God helps them who help themselves. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.

IDA.

BY PAUL G. PROCTOR.

I know there is a Heaven, for her fair face Weareth a beauty so divinely sweet, So radiant, with the holy light of grace, I kneel to worship lowly at her feet.

1 know there is a Heaven, in her dark eyes I read the golden promise old in story: Of holier life in dreamful Paradise, Of holier life in realms of lasting glory.

I know there is a Heaven, for is not she Heaven itself embodied, pure and fair? know it well that she is Heaven to me, Among the salutly ones a saint most rare.

Winning Ways: KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED. If there had been any chance of a reconciliation between them (and who can say whatreviving thoughts of tenderness might not have been in Kitty's heart during that steady gaze?) it was lost now, and forever. She sprung from her seat, and dashed the book she was reading

"Mr. Oliver," she cried, "how dare you say such things to me? You have yet to learn, I think, who you are speaking to."

She was going out of the room when he stopped her, pale with passion. Explain yourself." "Let your own heart tell you what I mean."

"Do you doubt my honor?" She was silent for a moment. Then she said, passionately: "Doubt you? I do more—far more than that! I hate you! I have the most utter contempt for you-a contempt which no words can

possibly express! "Yes! and I have longed to tell you so ever

since you wrote to me from Paris. "Where I had been kindly informed, Kitty that you were making me and yourself the laughing stock of London."

"I don't care—I don't care what they said!" she cried, defiantly, for his mocking smile made her utterly beside herself with rage. "I wish it had all been true, every word of it. And, as sure as I live, Mr. Oliver, I will leave you this very day, and never see you, I hope, on earth

'You are complimentary, madam," was all he said, as she sprung toward the door, trembling with passion from head to foot.

He opened it with a low bow, closed it after her, and sat down and laughed. He had "had it out" with Kitty much sooner than he thought.

That yow of Kitty's was rashly made, it may te, but it was faithfully kept. That very afternoon, while Mr. Oliver was in London, revewing acquaintance with some of his old club friends, she dressed herself for a walk, went quietly out of the house and down the gardenwalk. Her own maid and several of the other servants saw her go; but though she was as pale as death, and carried a light traveling-sachel in her hand, not one among them dreamed that they would never look upon her face again!

At the gate she paused for a moment, and turned back toward the house with yearning eyes, as if half-wavering in her purpose. The bitterness of death was in that look! How much—oh, how much she had said farewell to forever as she closed that gate behind her for

CHAPTER XXV.

"Our babe in its quiet sleep
Lay shrouded as soft as balm,
And the children came to peep
At its beauty, marbly calm;
"Twas touched with diviner gradents." was touched with diviner grace. Than when it had lived and smiled.

"O'er its beautiful infantile
A nimbus of glory fell—
There lingered a rosebud smile,
A beautiful, peaceful spell;
The fingers of Nature wove
Its ringlets, which clustered free,
And pure was its breast of love,
As the wild young swan's may be,"
—SHELDON CHADWICK.

Five long years passed slowly away. To me they brought new life and pleasure others sorrow, suffering and death. To Kitty Oliver they only gave a heritage of care and oncealed grief-a furrow on her open brow, and a silvery hair or two in the brown locks that were now smoothly banded away from her face, instead of hanging in the wild luxuriance to which she had accustomed them in her

And this was only an outward token of the inward change. Never were there two more different beings than the girl of eighteen and the woman of twenty-three. Grave and stately, with a look of melancholy yearning and inward pain in her proud, dark eyes, Kit ty moved about her home like one in a dream. e had left England without seeing Miss Marchmont or Mr. Oliver again, and had ac companied La Stella, after her marriage, to York. But that marriage, to which the singer had looked forward with much calm pleasure, had proved, like Kitty's, a most un-

The young husband, who had been so devoted a lover, grew capricious and unkind, treated her with coldness and neglect, and fin ally left her entirely in company with anoth-

In a little more than a year her child was born. She named her Agnes, and she became the idol of the whole house, and her mother's life was bound up in her-she only breathed and moved for her. When idols like this are made they are often

taken away; but hers was spared—at least, for

Her child was her world, and she looked upon it and saw that it was fair.

That child was taken suddenly from her by treachery and stealth-taken from her home with all its pure and innocent associations, and given to its father and his abandoned compan-Before she could follow upon their track in the zenith of her power, and glory, and beauty—she was suddenly stricken down. A terrible visitation was hanging over the devoted city of New York, and she was one of the first to fall a victim to the malady.

Nothing remained but to end her days in peaceful obscurity. The hollow cough that shook her wasted frame, and the cold dew that moistened her lip and forehead at the slightest exertion, showed that they would be but few.

When she was pronounced strong enough to bear the journey, she set out at once, accompa nied only by a single servant and Kitty, and without again having one of the gay throng who would have worshiped at her chariot-wheels. With a sigh, she looked her last at New York, remembering how her childish hopes and wishes

had turned thither, and how they had met with their fulfillment. She sank back in the carriage as the dome of the City Hall faded from her view, and thought of those whom she could never meet again; and Kitty, faithful little friend, loved, and soothed, and pitied her as best she might.

How strange a contrast there seemed between those two women! The one fair-haired and soft-eyed, with a meek and quiet face, on whose features contentment and home-happiness should have been most plainly stamped; the other, dark, and proud and self-sustained, with a look that said to the most careless observer: "Oh, I have suffered!" To one, life ought to have been a fair summer's day, with only now and then a light and happy cloud; to the other-ah, what to her ?-but a bleak and stormy winter, where everything she loved lay down, and shivered and died. And yet their destinies, their trials, had been almost precisely the same at the last.
At the "Westward Farm," in Illinois, they

made their home—welcome and honored guests. Six months passed happily away, when Kitty, tanding one morning in the farmhouse-door, heard voices—men's voices—in the garden be low, exchanging a careless adieu. She leaned eagerly forward, and saw a tall, fine-looking gentleman talking to the farmer's eldest son. Well, good-by for the present."

They started down to the gate together, still smoking their cigars; and Kitty stood gazing

after them, her hands clasped tightly over her beating heart; a wild look of unbelief, and doubt, and bewilderment upon her beautiful

"Good-by

CHAPTER XXVI. "We sung our song together,
Till the stars shook in the skies—
We spoke - we spoke of common things,
Yet tears were in our eyes.
And her hand—I knew it trembled,
To the light, warm clasp of mine—
Still we were friends—but only friends—
My sweet friend, Leoline."

STRANGE as that sudden meeting and halfrecognition was, another quite as strange had taken place only a few hours before in a far-

off Eastern land. It was a day and a scene never to be forgotten. A party of Europeans were crossing the hill in an open ferry-boat, in company with Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Greeks, donkeys and donkeys' boys, almost without number; while their own peculiar circle consisted of two Americans, two Englishmen, a French lady, a German lady and her maid, an Arab sheik, a Greek dragoman and the Russian prince, who was for the time being at his mercy, a Spanish don and two young gentlemen from the Emer-ald Isle, whose handsome faces and slight, mellow brogue were delightful alike to the eye and the ear.

It was a strange mixture of races, countries and languages, in so small a space; but every one took kindly to the situation, and chatted away as if they had known each other for a lifetime, instead of half an hour. The whole expedition, so far, had been one series of blunlers and mistakes. The donkeys, provided by the English lady for herself and friends, had been sent into Cairo the preceding night, in charge of an Arab servant, who chose to overlook the regulation which forces every one to carry a small paper lantern through the city streets after eight P. M. Consequently, Mustapha and his donkeys were safely ensconced in the guard-house for the day, and the ladies were forced to content themselves with the animals recruited by Zeld, the dragoman, from the public stands. Then, a portion of the party, tired of waiting while these arrangements were being carried out, had started in advance, and would probably be heard of no more that day. They had carried off part of the provisions and all the wine—they had taken a different route from the rest; and last, but not least, they had enticed away a third American, on whose calm good sense and even temper all had relied, in case the Northerner and Southerner, who still remained with them, came to grief over the discussion of the merits of the "peculiar institution.

For all these mishaps, however, there was no remedy; and, accordingly, they made themselves merry over them, till the grave-eyed Orientals around looked up in wonder at the confusion of tongues and the hearty bursts of laughter proceeding from the end of the boat where the "Christians" were congregated. Slowly the clumsy vessel made its way across the beautiful Nile, while the rowers sung their monotonous chant, and stared placidly at the banks they had left behind them. At last they landed; and after twenty minutes of indescribable noise and confusion, found themselves clear of the Arab village, and trotting swiftly along upon donkeys toward their goal of hope -the Pyramids. One lady fell behind as they forded a small stream, about an hour later, and watched the picturesque procession winding up the steep banks and disappearing beneath the palm-trees just beyond. First rode the two Arab guides, dressed in white, with heavy guns lung behind their backs; then the two lishmen, then the Northern lady mounted on donkey that bore the appropriate name of Yankee Doodle," and had a decided penchant for taking her into all the bogs and across all the unsafe places on the way. By this lady's side, the watcher saw, with some surprise, the Southern captain. Apparently no interference between them was necessary—they were chatting together as amiably as if slavery and abolitionism had never existed. Behind this pair rode the French lady and the Russian prince, followed by the German lady and her maid. escorted by the two young Irishmen. The donkey-boys and dragomen brought up the rear. As they went slowly on, in Indian file, the lady saw a rider crossing the desert, at full speed, on a splendid black Arabian horse. He gazed somewhat curiously at the motley cavalcade passing by; but when he caught sight of her face he reined up with a sudden exclamation of surprise, and held out

"How long is it since you left England?" he said. "Where have you been all these

"In Italy."

Her color rose

With my husband, Paul Elliot." "The missionary!" he said, staring at her in wildest surprise. "You have married

"Yes; and have accompanied him here for the work he has to do."

He looked very much as if he was going to whistle, but checked himself in time.

"Is he with you, to-day?" "No, he is at Cairo."

"And are you happy?"

"Very. Are you?

"Oh, of course!" he said, bitterly. "A nameto care if he lives or dies, must be very happy -don't you think so?"

"Get Kitty back again, then; and be kinder

to her than you used to be!"

"Who procured it!" "I did. I got it before Captain Conyers died in India."

Let us say good-by, at once!" "As you like."

But, even while he spoke the words, something swelled in his throat, and his eyes filled with tears.

"You ought not to be so harsh with me," he murmured. "However, good-by, since you will have it so, and may you be happy. Shake

She gave him her hand. He bent over it an instant, then touched his horse with his spur, and was off like the wind toward the Pyramids. Straight on in the wide desert he rode, and so vanished from her eyes. In the land of his adoption he lived and died, but Olive Elliot never saw him on earth again!

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

There's a blue flower in my garden, The bee loves more than all— The bee and I, we love it both, Though it is but frail and small.

She loved it, too long, long ago— Her love was less than mine; Still we were friends—but only friends— My lost love, Leoline."

KITTY, going back into the farm-house in a state of utter bewilderment, met good Mrs. Westwood, with her hands full of magnificent hot-house flowers.

"Oh, there you are!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of her young lodger. "I was so afraid you had gone out. And here are some splendid flowers, that Judge Hill brought for the sick lady from his own conservatory."

"Judge who?" said Kitty, as she took the brilliant bouquet and hid her face in it, lest the old lady should see the equally-brilliant blush

"Judge Hill, of Hilltown—a great friend of my son John. Such a house as he has got, my dear! Such horses, such carriages! He is an Englishman, you know."
"Indeed!"

"Yes; and when he came to America he was as poor as Job's turkey, they say. But everything has prospered with him since he settled out West. He is a naturalized American citizen, you see, and as smart a man as you will find anywhere. He has been a select-man, and member for Congress, and now he is a judge, and Hilltown is named after him. You must let my John drive you over there some day; for his place is really worth see-

Mrs. Hill might not like that," suggested Kitty, in a low voice.

"Law bless you! he isn't married. That is the worst of him. He won't marry. We always have a quarrel about it when he comes here. As I tell him, an old bachelor is of no sort of use in this world; but he only laughs. So kind is he to women, too! The minute he heard we had a sick lady here he brought these flowers all the way himself -twelve good miles

"He is indeed, very kind," said Kitty.
"Pray, say how much we are obliged to him,

the next time he comes here."
"That I will!" And the good old woman bustled away to look after her household af-

Kitty mused a moment, then went straight to La Stella, gave her the flowers, and told her all. Whereupon La Stella, wayward as invalids usually are, bestirred herself to obtain more information about the young judge, and ascertaining, without a doubt, that he was about to pay a short visit to the city of New York, she immediately insisted on returning there dragged Kitty in her train, and entered upon a round of fashionable dissipation, which had but one acknowledged end, that of bring ing the long-parted friends together once

They met first at a party in a Fifth Avenue hotel, given in honor of the English con-

Kitty, the brilliant, dark-eyed woman, with a certain Spanish ease and coquetry visible in her manner, was the acknowledged belie of the room. Young men and old men bowed alike at her shrine, and gazed enraptured on the perfect loveliness of her face. All save -and he stood aloof, at a little distance, with his head bowed moodily, and his arms crossed upon his breast. With a kind of startled interest he mingled with the select few who were following her to the music-room. A friend came up and took his arm.

"It will be such a treat," he whispered. "She seldom sings, but to-night was obliged

to yield. I am so glad." He did not answer. He was watching the superb air of indifference with which she reeived the attention of those who thronged

What shall I sing?" she asked, indiffer-

"Oh, let it be one of your beautiful Scotch ballads," said a lady who stood beside her.

She paused, played a simple prelude, and began to sing "Bonny Doon." The listener started and turned pale. He had often heard that same song among the groves of New Forest, and though the deep contralto

voice was wonderfully strengthened and purified, he felt that it must be the same. Dazzled and bewildered he passed his hand over his eyes, and tried to think

How she had changed! How proud and queenly she looked—and how well her costly dress became her! He gazed at her with his soul in his eyes. As she sung the touching

"And my fause lover pu'd the rose, But, oh, he left the thorn with me!"

with the sound of tears in her voice, she looked up, and there beside her stood the one whose memory seemed inseparably connected with the song, and of whom she was even then thinking! The shock was too great and sudden. She sprung up, laid both her hands in his, and then, for the first time in her life, she

All was confusion around her; but it was Judge Hill who bore her to a couch near the

"Give her air!" he said, loudly, and they obeyed, while one or two, who had remained to assist him, hurried away for remedies. The two so long parted were alone. She opened her heavy eyes, and saw him

bending over her, pale as death. "You here? Do we meet again like this,

William?" she exclaimed. After the first sudden shock, however, she bore the meeting well, for she had been scho l-

ing herself for it long. Not so the judge. His her hand, and a deep flush rose to his very So gently may we all be judged in turn, temples. With a graceful ease she covered his when we, too, sleep the sleep that knows no waembarrassment, and dismissing the group of king. friends around her one by one, fanned herself

languidly while she chatted, first to him, and then to La Stella, who still remained. But William was too anxious and ill at ease to join the conversation, and at last she took pity on

"Then, God forgive you, Francis Oliver! You have been the evil genius of that poor child's life; but this last cruelty crowns all."
"The heat of the room is still so great," she murmured, "if you will give me your arm, we will explore some of the cool marble halls we will explore some of the cool marble halls and passages for which this house is so fa-Anything is better than these crowded saloons.

"Dear Kitty, forgive me," he said. "But when I saw you so unhappy, I could not go away or be silent. You know—you must know—that I love you with all my heart and soul. I would sooner die than see a shadow or a cloud upon your heart.'

A look of bitter pain passed over it even as he was speaking; for she remembered that he had said the same thing to her, long before, in the garden by the New Forest.

"I am sorry to hear you say this," she answered, rather unsteadily.

"I have always felt that you were wronged," he went on, eagerly. "I have heard something about you—not much—but enough to make me love you more, and to long with all my heart for the happiness of calling you my

'Ah," she said, shaking her head, "I have had many a thought of you, William, since I knew we were to meet. We have both grown old. So ends this little story of love for me. For the rest, I try to be useful and busy, and fill up my appointed time as best I may. a pleasanter life, too, than I once thought it could be. It is not the life that might have been; but God knows what is best. back upon my early life in the New Forest, and that troubled ecstasy of love as a beautiful dream, which was given me at morning that I might better support the toils and trials of life's noonday. But the noonday is going now, and the night is coming on. I look forward to nothing but rest. I have waited to tell you this, William—to thank you for all your goodness and kindness—to say 'fare-well. God bless you!' I am glad you are a good and a noble man; because one day, if not now, I am sure you will be a very happy

One light pressure on his hand, and she gli-

ded away like a ghost.

He did not attempt to detain her. He left the house and sought his own rooms at the -Hotel.

Throwing a few things into a valise, he stepped out into the street, and walked slowly up toward the hotel where the ball had been giv-He found himself there, after a hurried walk of some five minutes

"It's the last time, Kitty, that I shall be so weak," he murmured, as he looked up at the brilliantly-lighted windows. "The last time I shall be so near you! Oh, Kitty, can you dream what you have done, or is your heart all marble?"

He buried his face in his hands and wept like a child. The memory of the happy hours he had spent with her, came over him too strongly to be borne. He could only meet such remembrance with his tears.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, oh, sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me!

"Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play;
And well for the sailor-lad And well for the sailor-lad

That he sings in his boat on the bay.

—TENNY

In the guest-chamber at the Westwood Farm, Kitty Oliver lay dying! Consumption, that fatal scourge of the Northern climate, had already numbered La Stella among its victims, and was but waiting now, in a few hours, to laim another as his prey.

Kitty knew that it was all over-knew that the fair green earth had nothing more in store her. Yet she was very calm—busying herself in penning little trembling farewells to her father, Miss Marchmont, and the husband whose face she was never to see again. When the letters were finished, she lay back upon her pillow with a placid smile. And this is death!" she said, musingly.

"After this sad mistake of life comes the sweet and long repose! I do not fear it."

A sob from the watcher by her side checked She put out her hand gently. "Poor William! First to love, and last to desert me! I knew that you would come when 1 sent for you. And I shall die happier for having you here. There is something sweet to me in the thought of passing my last hours with you. I began life by your side alone, let

me also end it here." He could not speak. He laid his head down

upon her hand, and cried bitterly. "Do you remember," she said, dreamily, the old fairy tale we used to read together How I should like to hear it once again."

"I can remember it, Kitty." "Tell it to me, then.

With a trembling voice, broken by sobs, he egan the dear familiar tale

She checked him in the middle of it, saying "Oh, I wish we had staid in the New Forest all our lives, dear, reading fairy tales! I have een so tired all these years; I am so tired

She closed her eyes with a weary sigh, and eemed to doze. Then a strange change passed over her face, she opened her eyes, and looked

with qu stioning fear at him.
"After all, I dread it! It is dark and cold! I feel so faint! I am afraid to die! I don't know how to die."

"But we have read in the Bible, my darling\_"
"I know. God be merciful to me—a sin-

They were her last words. She folded her nands upon her breast, looked up to Heaven,

and died. William bent above her in speechless agony a moment. Then, rising from his knees, he closed the sightless eyes, kissed the cold lips, covered the poor, pale face, and went away, weeping bitterly.

The fairy tale was never finished. But better words and a sweeter song were on her lips, we trust, in Heaven!

The tale is told, dear reader! If you ask me why I have painted the sad picture of their separated, aimless, and, in some sense, wasted lives, I cannot answer you. What one sees, that must one reproduce.

The silence of the grave hallows all things. And standing by that lonely mound upon the Western prairie, it may be that ea h one of us can forgive poor Kitty for her faults and follies-can judge her mercifully-and looking at the secret records of our own lives, feel pity ce faltered—his cheek paled as he touched and sorrow for this useless broken one of hers!

## Laurel's Last Escapade.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

A tidy maid opened the door and laid some etters upon the escritoire at which Laurel Larabee sat writing.

letters upon the escritoire at which Laurel Larrabee sat writing.

"Thank you," and she went on penning a letter. It was almost completed. She glanced it over, signed her name, and prepared it for the mail, with a sigh that seemed a trifling contradiction to her listless manner and passive features. Then her handsome face drooped upon her shapely white hands, and her thoughts went wandering the way the missive was to go.

She saw the brightening of Carl McDonald's eyes, as he should read this letter for whose consent he had waited, faithfully, so many years. She knew that could she see deeper than his eyes, and scan the most sacred pages of his soul, she would find there but records of unswerving loyalty to her, and a love as pure and deep as a religion. She remembered how speedily, now, by her own decree, this man's devotion was to constitute one of the daily elements of her life. But, somehow, none of these thoughts sent the bright blood throbbing one whit the faster through Miss Larrabee's veins. They soon, even, tired her. She raised her head with an impatient, petulant motion, and caught sight of her unopened letters.

topened letters.
There was a business envelope, the superscrip tion in a rapid, running hand, and under it a faintly odorous note in elegantly initialed paper. In an instant Laurel's listless eyes were full of witching lights, and she tore eagerly at the

wrapper.
"Oh, glorious! How nice of La Grange to suggest it."
Miss Larrabee sprung up, and consulted the little watch which hung in its velvet and crystal case upon the dressing-bureau. Then she

"Margaret, say to my aunt, when she returns that I have gone out, and may not be back be In a few minutes Laurel Larrabee stood be-

In a rew limites Laurer Laurence stood be-fore her mirror, costumed in some heavy dark material for traveling; the drooping felt hat, with its tropical plumage, adding to the charm-fulness of her flushed, brilliant face. She crossed to the escritoire, rapidly pushed the papers within, and turned the key upon them.

the papers within, and turned the key upon them.

"Oh! Carl's letter!— But to-morrow will do just as well," and she went out of the room a trifle moodily. With the remembrance of the letter had come the thought of what Carl would say of this escapade she contemplated.

But, Miss Larrabee was not given to consulting any wishes but her own; and she was desperately fond of the adventures in which she and La Grange Fauquier had recklessly indulged through a long, dangerously glorious summer. Moreover, she never intended to resign her freedom of action to any person, as she had declared repeatedly. Yet she was conscientious enough to acknowledge that she owed a leal allegiance to the man who had so loyally waited for her to signify her readiness to consummate their betrothal.

"But I have not sent the letter yet," answer-Laurel, to Conscience, "and this shall be the

last time."

Five hours later, out on the open sea, a tiny yacht tossed high and low over the white crests of the waves, and in it were only a lady and gentleman. La Grange Fauquier, lithe, strong, and handsome, guided the tiller. His yachting suit, with the jaunty cap, from under which his black hair waved slightly, was picturesque, and becoming in the extreme to his bold, dark beauty.

ty.

Laurel, tending the main-sheet, with her pretty booted feet braced firmly against the centerboards, watched him with ardent, admiring eyes. It seemed to her he had never been so wholly fascinating as on this day which she had mentally resolved must terminate their intimacy. Not that Miss Larrabee was in love with Fauquier. She had known from the first that their wild companionship was, of itself, quite a sufficient barrier to his loving her; and so she had taught herself not to care for him, and believed she had succeeded.

Still, it seemed a little hard to give him up; to confess to him her long betrothal and its approaching termination; to feel that he would smile indulgently, and congratulate her, and say that he was sorry their days of comradeship were over, and then be as indifferent to her as if they had never climbed mountains hand in hand, and clung to each other as they descended

hand, and clung to each other as they descended rocky walls, and sung softly together as they floated upon the inky-black river in summery, midnight glooms, and ridden together in storm and darkness, and hunted together through lonely, sunny wildernesses; and that he would marry some timid, baby-sweet, doll girl who would go into nervous spasms at his mere recital of those adventures.

ose adventures.
"Bah!" It made Laurel shudder to think how

those adventures.

"Bah!" It made Laurel shudder to think how men of Fauquier's spirit and passion could choose such insipid women for their wives!

Her eyes had drooped to her dress, wet with the salt water, and to her white hand, streaked with blood where the jib-sheet had rent the skin when a sudden burst of wind had torn at the sail. She had borne the pain bravely; only laughing at La Grange when he had tenderly begged her to bind up the wound. She had never shrunk at anything in his sight; she would not shrink at anything, now that she had accepted his graceful challenge to help him sail his boat, for this last time, in the dangerous autumn weather. And, though he professed to admire her high spirit and courage, it vexed her to know that, for all, he was only one of many men who turn for love from the women who will dare any danger with them to the women who are helpless for themselves and others.

But she would not care! Why should she—she, Carl McDonald's betrothed? And her scarlet lips compressed defiantly, though her eyes wore still a troubled look as she raised them to her companion. At sight of his swarthy face, almost colorless, she was startled. He looked upward, with grave, dark glance.

"What is it?"

upward, with grave, dark glance.
"What is it?"

"A squall! I fear some of it will reach us— not all, I hope! This is a treacherous day; we are going to have some rough sailing before we get back."

And we're used to rough sailing, La Grange."
"Yes, but not at this season of the year," he Yes, but not at this season of the year, he answered, still anxiously watching the threatening sky. Then, suddenly bending toward her: "Shall you care enough to forgive me, little one, if I have been so rash as to have brought

one, if I have been so rash as to have brought you into danger?"

"Haven't I proved myself a trustworthy comrade?' Laurel asked.

"Yes, always; only—how it blows! I must lower the jib! Laurel, can you hold the tiller and mind your main-sheet, too?—it will take all your strength, my girl! Luff her up a little as she goes over the big waves, and keep cool, and let your sheet run if the squall strikes her."

Miss Larrabee bent every energy to the execution of her task—for the fresh wind that was blowing was increasing momently, and the yacht was pitching headlong from hight to abyss with a motion that would have blanched the cheek of any less fearless creature than this handsome, cool, daring girl. The veins on brow and hands showed blue and swollen, and there were the marks of her teeth upon her lips, when Fauquier came back, all drenched with the blinding spray, to take his place at the tiller. With a sudden thrill of enthusiastic admiration, he pressed his lips to her beautiful wounded ones. pressed his lips to her beautiful wounded

ones.

Laurel's pale, cold, wet face flushed hotly for a minute and the labored beating of her heart seemed stilled by that caress; then she laughed, and saucily sat herself in her place, and wound her hands in the rope she held.

"Steady, Laurel, steady!" La Grange cried, as the wind bore down upon them, sending the little boat madly over the rough tide. "Keep her well in the wind, and we'll make a glorious

her well in the wind, and we'll make a glorious

run! There isn't much danger now, it seems; only you're almost drowned with the breakers, and are likely to get a fine cold!"
"Not so very likely—Pm no baby," laughed

Laurel. And then the danger that La Grange thought

And then the danger that La Grange thought over suddenly overtook them.

The ragged clouds that had seemed about to pass by them with no harm, rifted asunder; and one edge of the squall swept down upon the boat and its small crew. The waves rose in great ridges, fairly blinding the two sailors, and the tornado of wind struck the taut sail. The boat careened, and for one moment there was the frightful sound and sight of the inrushing angry sea! La Grange was straining every nerve at the rudder, and Miss Larrabee's hands were entangled in the ropes.

"Laurel! Laurel! Let the sheet run!"
Even as he spoke the girl had torn her hands

"Laurel! Laurel! Let the sheet run!"

Even as he spoke the girl had torn her hands free and given the sail to the wind! Slowly the boat righted; and, back from the very depths of death, the man and woman looked into each other's eyes. Laurel's heart, in that instant of supreme danger, had acknowledged its love; and La Grange Fauquier was wondering if, after all, this girl with her passion, and beauty, and brave soul, was not worth the winning. But an open boat, uncomfortably filled with water, out on a stormy sea, under a cold autumn sky, was not the place for sentiment; and the best moments of two lives drifted into the the best moments of two lives drifted into the

A few minutes of rough sailing and the

A few minutes of rough sailing and the storm had passed. There was a season of sunlight and calm, and though La Grange and Laurel were shivering with cold and excitement, they laughed over their misfortunes as they ate some lunch, and Fauquier coaxed Miss Larrabee to swallow a little brandy.

"It is nearly four o'clock, now," said the gentleman. "If the wind breezes up again, we shall be back by six."

The wind did breeze up, but it had shifted; and at the end of another hour the yacht was still far from its destination—off a long line of desolate coast. Laurel commenced to look troubled—not at her miserable plight, nor the increasing wind, but at the rapidly deepening night. Already her escapade had taken an almost unpardonable character; what would her friends say if she and Fauquier were out all night?

night?
"Laurel," called La Grange, after a rough tack, "there is no use trying to carry all this sail! I must take in a reef. I'll have to trouble you to tend the tiller again, and keep well in

shore."
It was already quite dusk, and Laurel did as she was told without realizing the danger that was befalling them, until she found that her utmost strength failed to control the rudder.
"What is the matter?" she cried, as La Grange came back.
One moment of awful suspense and then the answer came:

answer came:

answer came:
"We're caught in the rollers! God help us!"
Sure enough, the boat was beyond guidance, now; the toy of those angry surges; and each dark, tumultuous, tragic moment seemed an eternity of time to its two inmates. They were both desperately cool, though, as they waited, hand in hand, for the embrace of the pitiless flood.

"It's coming!" Fauquier whispered, at last, raising his flask to his lips and draining it. "But we are pretty near shore. Do not lose your courage, Laurel. I will save you—if mortal aid can! If not—"

tal aid can! If not—"

The moment had come, and they struggled in the chill water! Even then, in that awful troublous darkness, Laurel remembered all he had told her, and forced herself to be calm—though a score of times it seemed as if his strength must fail them or the merciless breakers wash them apart; a score of times she felt her senses reel and a deathly unconsciousness benumbing her; but she would not lose her self-control even while horrible possibilities painted pictures in her mind. If she died what would people say? and what would Carl think of that letter home in her escritoire? But if she lived—she should in her escritoire? But if she lived—she should be glad it had never been sent; and she did live! There was a touch of sand for a moment! The undertow beat them back again! Then a great roller—and they were wading up out of the

Beyond the highest ridge of sand lay a trace shes, and far away shone one ruddy The two had rested, silently, before toiling to this look-out. La Grange pointed to the

'Have you strength to get that far, Laurel?"

"Try me," she said, resolute to the last.

And so they made their way thither; but when the door of the warm, lighted room was opened to them, Laurel put out her hands, blindy, and went into a dead faint; and from that not a high fever.

into a high fever.

La Grange watched her all that night, and the next morning sent for her aunt. Mrs. Larrabee came—anxious, yet angry, and frigidly dignified toward Fauquier; and that gentleman was glad to escape to his own home. For a few days he, too, was ill; then he went down to see Laurel again. She was delirious, and did not know him; and her pleading way of repeating his name only troubled him. Mrs. Larrabee was coldly polite, and so was the gentleman, with the honest, sorrowful face, whom that lady introduced to Fauquier as her niece's betrothed; and La Grange did not venture to visit Laurel again for a long time.

La Grange did not venture to visit Laurel again for a long time.

The terrible struggle with wind and waves had made Fauquier's handsome face additionally interesting by leaving upon it a slight lingering pallor; and the women of his world quite raved over him and his bravery, while poor Laurel was getting a pitiless condemnation at the hands of Mrs. Grundy. When, with the latest autumn days she was gradually convalescing, Carl's frequent visits annoyed her, wofully. She was growing soul-sick for a sight of the dark, bold face that had been so close to hers through those awful hours which had been woven into her life, and were to change all its woven into her life, and were to change all its

bright weft.
At last, she was back home and beginning to At last, she was back home and beginning to feel the scourge of conventionalism because of her escapade with La Grange Fauquier. But she did not mind that, if only he would come and say one loving word to her! It was cruel that he did not; after all the dear days, and the terrible dangers, they had passed together! And she was only a shadow of her brilliant, former self—while day after day of suspense went by. But he came, after a time, and was horrified at the change in her beauty.

"You must hurry and get back your bright eyes and charming color, little girl; I want you to get yourself in readiness for my marriage."

He spoke so tenderly that Laurel's heart was agonized between hope and dread as she forced herself to question:

"Your marriage? When? To whom?"

herself to question:

"Your marriage? When? To whom?"

"At New Year; to Miss Lyndel. You do not know her, I think, though you may have seen her. She is not a bit your style; but she is as true, and gentle, and devoted a little woman as a man need wish for a wife. And I suppose,"

he went on without seeing the leak in I causal's he went on, without seeing the look in Laurel's burning eyes, "I may take your congratulations for granted, and tender you mine. Mr. McDonald seems a very fine man, and there is no doubt about his being a favored one!"
"Thank you," Laurel said, calmly, though she was struggling hard to retain self-control and

consciousness.

Then Fauquier rose to go and took her hand.
"Poor little hand," he said, smiling down into her strangely-intense unwavering eyes. "How it suffered that day! And what a brave little woman you were! I shall not soon forgive myself for getting you into such a scrape. But it will blow over; and you must hurry and get well, and not reproach me with your white

He well might call it white, now, as, to the latest moment, he tortured her; and when he was gone and Carl McDonald sought the room, and found it lying deathly cold upon the bright pattern of the carpet, it seemed as if its white-

"Why didn't you let me die?" Laurel moan-

ed, when she came back to life, and found him

ed, when she came back to life, and found min bending tenderly over her.
"Because I cannot spare you, darling."
Laurel turned away her head, impatiently.
But that evening when Carl begged her to set a time for their wedding, she bade him name it himself. And so, before the New Year, they

himself. And so, before the New Year, they were married.

That was hardly a year ago; and, already, Carl McDonald knows that but for a brief time longer may be cherish his wife with loving care; for the brilliancy that faded from Laurel's face and life with her last escapade will never again return

#### TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

## SILVERWARE

#### Given Away! A Splendid Double Extra-

SILVER SPOONS Furnished to all who desire to avail themselves of the following very liberal offer,

Plated Set of

made under the auspices of the Union Silver Plating Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Under a very favorable proposition from . the above well-known house, all regular patrons of this paper can secure a valuable set of Double Extra-Plated Silver Spoons, warranted equal to the best article of the kind sold in this country. And in addition, each spoon will be hand-

somely engraved with your mono-All who are entitled to receive these elegant and useful goods, can do so on compliance with the following conditions: Send your name and post-office address, together with your express office, to the Union Silver Plating Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, together with the following Coupon, and inclose with your order 75 cents, to pay cost of engraving your initials, express charges, boxing, and packing, and you will receive by return express (or mail, if you have no express office) a full set of double Extra-Plated Silver Spoons, free of any charge. All express and packing charges are covered by the 75 cents, and the Spoons will be delivered to you free. The coupon must in all cases be sent, to indicate that you are entitled to this premium, as this very liberal offer is not extended to any one gram initial. very liberal offer is not extended to any one who is not a patron of this paper. The retail price of this set of Spoons is \$3.00, as the following letter will show:

Office of Union Silver Plating Co., 204, 206 & 208 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio. We guarantee that the goods contracted for are first-class in every respect, and that the usual retail price for them is \$3.00 per set. Our lowest price to jobbers is \$36.00 per dozen sets, and we will in no case retail them at any price, or send them in single sets to any one who does not send the required "Coupon," showing that the sender is a pairon of this paper. the required "Coupon, is a patron of this paper.

UNION SILVER PLATING CO.



As soon as the necessary stock can be manufactured, all who secure the above useful and valuable premiums, will be permitted to secure a full set of silver plated knives and forks, on the same liberal basis. Address all letters to the UNION SILVER PLATING CO. Nos. 204, 206 & 208 Race St., Cincinnati, O

ANTED MEN to travel and sell to Dealers our unbiable glass chimneys and lamp goods.
PEDDLING. Salary liberal. Hotel and traveling and the salary liberal.

Each week to Agents. Goods Staple. 10.000 testimonials received. Terms liberal. Particulars free. J. Worth & Co. St. Louis, Mo.

PEDDLING. Hotel and traveling expendedress, Monitor Manufacturing Co., Cincinn \$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 355-1y

WANTED: SALESMEN at a salary of \$1200 year to travel and sell goods to Dealers. N

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 Outfit Free. Maine. 339-1yr

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

This is No Humbug. BY sending 35 cents and stamp with age, hight, zolor of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future hasband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address

\$66a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 355-1y



WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Sample watch and outfit free to Agents. For terms address COULTER & CO. Chicago

25 ELEGANT CARDS, 20 styles, with name 10 ets, post-paid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau. N. Y. 369—1th

\$57 60 AGENTS' PROFITS PER WEEK. New a Address, W. H. CHIDESTER, 218 Fulton St

\$5 to \$10 a Day to Agents. Samples Free. 32 page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 13 Dey St., N. Y. 368 13t A.

25 MIXED CARDS, (no two alike) with name Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name 10 cts., post-paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

#### THE UNMARRIED MAIDEN.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

She was a maiden very gay,
Her costume vari'ga-ted,
Her given name was Anna May—
Her life was anima-ted.

And from her eyes, so very arch, Shot glances like an archer, They had the power to make you start, Although she was no starcher.

Her father he was very poor, And left her but a portion; Her golden days were nearly o'er Yet she would not the ore shun.

Her eyes would flash with awful ire When she was asked to iron; And while her father was a sire His daughter was a siren.

While every one thought her a fay Her angered frown was fatal, To frown on lovers was her way And so she made them wait all.

Lovers to do the most did vie,
The tears would fill a vial.
And every one would swear to die
For her sake by the dial.

Each wished to call the maid his own And longed to be hers only, And thought, in spite of any loan, Without her, they'd be lonely. Although she looked quite well in lace, You would not call her lazy, And she, in those old-fashioned days, Did blossom like the daisy.

In having splendid clothes to wear She never once got weary, Light-footed as the fallow-deer, She surely was a dearie.

Her figure was a little spare. Say, like an English sparrow, But still she could not float on air As would a bow-sent arrow.

Her form just like the letter S Of grace it had the essence, And she loved fashion none the less Since she loved music-lessons.

Of many subjects she had read, On answers was e'er ready. And turned the heads of Tom and Ed As if within an eddy.

When asked her hand she would say "La," With vehemence unlawful, And then her suitors would say "Ah," And carry on quite awful.

To every one she would give No; To wed she had no notion; And she advised them all to go And travel unto Goshen.

And those who at her dear feet laid Their hearts, so heavy laden, Found all their lives much darker made By this unloving maiden.

To wed she thought 'twas best to wait, But thus her life grew weighty, And so alone she lived and ate, And died when she was eighty.

## Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ, AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

VII.

THE lodge-pole trail soon became so plain that scouts could follow it at a trot, and whenever a piece of soft ground came along, they could see the marks half a mile ahead. The scouts pronounced the trail about twelve hours old, and it was clear that the Indians were nowhere near. So the column sweet on its way as fast as the So the column swept on its way as fast as the wagons could be driven, the scouts ranging on so far ahead as to be almost out of sight at times, the column of cavalry only about half a mile in fract of the wagons.

front of the wagons.

There they were on the broad green plains, the grass now sprung well up, and hiding the crevices and dog-holes\* that make riding so dangerous. The country stretched away in waves like a great sea on all sides, and as the sun came out hot, the monotony of the scene and the want of rest began to make the officers sleepy. Every now and then, in the distance, one might see a form entergoes extending on the swells watching few antelopes standing on the swells, watching the soldiers with curiosity; and some distant moving specks, when examined through a telescope, turned out to be a herd of mustangs scour

ing away.

Custer very soon became tired of riding at the head of his column, when all the scouts were away. He knew that the Indians were out of reach at present, and he was always devotedly fond of hunting. He could not resist the temp tation of going off after some antelopes. There was a little group, right ahead of the column, some two miles off, and he made up his mind to

Come, Blucher! Come, Maida!" he cried, and away he went over the plain with his two gallant grayhounds. The antelopes stood watching him in astonishment as he came, till he topped and turned a swell, and lost sight of column and his came at the column and his game at the same time. Then he pulled up, and rode more leisurely, skirting the foot of the next swell to leeward of the ante lopes, in hopes of surprising them. Sure enough, when he rode over the next ridge, there were the pretty creatures not three hundred yards off still staring at the distant wagons, which the

could see through a dip in the swell.

The next moment the antelopes saw Custer, and then—you have seen race-horses run, but you never saw anything run like those prong horns. Away went Custer at the top speed of his thoroughbred horse, and away went the two grayhounds, stretching out straight in their frantic eagerness. They might as well have chased a bird. The antelopes left them behind

chased a bird. The antelopes left them behind as if Custer had ridden on a cart-horse and the dogs had been fat lapdogs. Before one could say "Jack Robinson," the pronghorns were out of gunshot, and then they began to stop and look back as if inviting the hunter to come on.

In those days Custer was very green at hunting antelopes, or he never would have tried to run them down. For a mile or two they are the swiftest animals on the continent, though they can't last if hunted by relays of horses. However, he had all this to learn yet, so he kept on, sometimes getting near the game, but always distanced whenever they got frightened, till at last he gave it up as a bad job and called back his dogs.

There was not much run left in the grav hounds. They were quite exhausted already, for they had been fed so high in camp that they were too fat to run well. So back went master horse and dogs, all feeling pretty well disap-pointed. There was no luck for them that day. The chase had carried Custer quite out of sight

of the wagons, and he hardly knew wh So he began to peer all round the horizon andmarks. Nothing all round but the green plains, dotted with patches of bushes, on hillock just like another.

See, what's that? Custer started in his saddle, and shaded his eyes with his hand. Not a half-mile from him was a great black beast, quietly feeding in a green bottom, and it needed no one to tell Cus-

green bottom, and it needed no one to tell Custer, any more than it would you, had you seen it, what it was. He had never seen one in his life before except in a picture, but there stood a real live buffalo waiting for him.

Who cares for antelopes now? A moment later, Custer had turned his horse, and was going straight for the buffalo. The beast was feeding, with its head turned away, and the general ing, with its head turned away, and the general

\*These "dog-holes," as the plainsmen call them are the burrows of the prairie-dog, or American marmot, an animal that lives in regular villages of holes, so close together as to be dangerous to ride

was able to ride softly up to within a few hundred yards, when the buffalo suddenly tossed up its head, wheeled round to look, and then start-

dred yards, when the bullalo suddemy cossed up its head, wheeled round to look, and then started off at a lumbering gallop.

"Hurra! now we're off." thought Custer; and away went his splendid horse, full speed, the dogs running ahead. The buffalo looked heavy and awkward, but somehow it puzzled even Custer's splendid horse to catch up with it, tired as the horse was with the run after the antelopes. However, the dogs had recovered their breath by this time, and they had nothing to carry, so they skimmed away over the plain, and were soon up with the buffalo.

Look at that! Brave Blucher! The gallant dog made a grand leap and caught the buffalo by the ear. No use, Blucher. He's too much for you. See, the great black beast stops a moment, shakes its huge head, and sends poor Blucher flying, taking a mouthful of hair with him, for he wouldn't let go. Custer is coming up now. If he had a common horse, it would have given up long ago, but a thoroughbred will run till it drops dead.

Away goes the buffalo again, Maida after it on the other side. Good Maida! See, she tries

given up long ago, but a thoroughbred will run till it drops dead.

Away goes the buffalo again, Maida after it on the other side. Good Maida! See, she tries the same leap as old Blucher, but misses it. The buffalo gives a low, angry bellow and makes a dash of its great head at the brave dog. No use, old fellow, Maida is too quick. There comes Blucher again, plucky as ever, and heads off the buffalo, barking loudly. The great brute comes to a trot, and now Custer is up within twenty feet of the old fellow.

"Back, dogs, back!" he shouts, and out comes his big revolver. Now the buffalo starts off again and Custer after him. See, the hunter points his pistol at the beast, right in the midst of the black mass, behind the shoulder. Now to fetch the heart! The pistol quivers and settles to a good aim, and not ten feet separated man and game, both at full speed, when—hu!—round comes the old bull with a furious bellow at the horse, and the charger shies off so suddenly that Custer, who is leaning over to shoot, finds himself almost off. Crack! a flash, a report, and the next moment down goes the horse, shot dead, while Custer goes flying one way, the pistol the other, right in front of the buffalo, on the ground!

Another moment and the beast will be on him,

Another moment and the beast will be on him, when Maida and Blucher fall at the buffalo on the other side, and the great animal turns away with a snort of rage and gallops off, leaving

Here's a nice ending for a buffalo hunt, truly. The hunter rises from the ground, shaken and bruised, and looks ruefully at his dead horse. A thousand dollars gone, shot by accident, and not even a buffalo to show for it. Custer's finger had been on the trigger when the buffalo charged, and as he clutched at his reins to keep his balance, he had killed his own horse.

horse. So ended Custer's first buffalo hunt; and so, or nearly as badly, ends the first buffalo hunt of every man who goes after buffaloes.

He sat down on the dead horse, pretty well cast down, and presently the two dogs came slowly trotting back, as if to ask what was the matter with their master. Here was a pretty situation to be in. Out on the plains without a horse, no rifle, for he had left that behind, nothing but two pistols and a sword, and he had no

horse, no rifle, for he had left that behind, nothing but two pistols and a sword, and he had no idea where he was. "Well," thought Custer, as he always did, "it's no use crying over spilt milk. I must find the column, or maybe the Indians will find me."

So he started off on foot, following, like a sensible man, the back trail of his horse. He knew where he had come from, and he judged that he might find the column or its trail, if he went on long enough. He was saved the trouble of a long tramp, however. No sooner had he topped the next swell, than he saw the dust of his own men, the cavalry guidon fluttering high above it; and within half an hour he had another horse, and was riding along at the head of his

it; and within half an hour he had another horse, and was riding along at the head of his column, as if nothing had happened. A party went off and took the equipments from the dead horse, while the column pursued its way. That day, the scouts went on very rapidly, the trail of the Cheyennes getting plainer and plainer. Fresh trails of parties of horsemen began to join it from each side, showing that the scouts were right in their supposition. The scattered Indians were beginning to reunite, thinking themselves out of danger. Several small lodge-pole trails joined the first, till the main trail was a plain as a road, and as easy to follow. o follow.

Moreover, the earth had not fallen down and

packed, as it would have if the dew had fallen on it. This showed that part of the trail must on it. This showed that part of the than have been made since daylight; how long? was the mestion. The head trailer said just after of what trailing is in its nature.

"See dirt all stuck up big lumps, general," he said in his broken English. "Maybe so, must be wet, much heap. Dirt little bit stick now—

He pointed to the lodge-pole marks. The dirt at the edge of the furrows was in good-sized lumps, and seemed to be stuck together. Then he scraped another furrow close beside it, and showed how the dry dust fell away in small particles on each side. It was plain that the dirt must have been wet, when the lodge-poles scraped along, and, as there had been no rain, it must have been before the dew dried, that is, just after sunrise. It was now eight hours since sunrise, so that the column had probably gained four hours on the Cheyennes, who had started twelve hours ahead of the sol-

were pushed to a trot, and the regiment was di-vided into five or six little short columns, each moving abreast of the others, at some five hundred yards off. By this means the soldier commanded a view of a large expanse of country, and the horses in the rear of the column

rere not tired by trotting to catch up.

The trail grew fresher whenever the ground as soft, but sometimes they came to long hard stretches of barren ground, only covered with the short buffalo grass, and as hard as a rock underneath. All the same, the Delawares and Shawnees pushed on, pointing out the trail by a few bent blades of grass, quite confident they

Presently, away from the column, as they turned the edge of a swell, what should they all see but a herd of forty or fifty buffaloes, right in front of their path. Custer was delighted. Every one realized that the Indians must still be Every one realized that the initialismus said out of reach, or the buffalo would not be grazing quietly. The general was determined to kill a buffalo and wipe out the disgrace of the

A short consultation was held, and away went Custer, with four or five officers who could be spared, after those buffalo. About two miles ahead was a little river with very steep banks, which the scouts said would delay the wagons at least an hour, so there was time for a bunt at least an hour, so there was time for a hunt. Moreover, the river might stop the herd.

So away went Custer on a fresh horse, outstripping all his officers, and they were within a few hundred yards of the herd before the anifew nundred yards of the nerd before the animals took the alarm. Then what a scampering! The horses seemed to go crazy with eagerness, leaping half out of their skins as it were, and coming up rapidly with the buffalo.

Now they're up, Custer first. No mistake this time. He's into the herd, which is scattering, and singles out a large fat cow. Now he's

and singles out a large fat cow. Now he's within range. Crack! No horse killed that time. You might hear the slap of the bullet into the buffalo's side. She shakes her head and contains the bas not forturns viciously on Custer, but he has not forgotten the lesson of the old bull. As the horse shies, he shies with it, and the buffalo, finding erself unable to catch the horse, turns and rots off. Round spins Custer, and again comes

the crack of his pistol.

That did the business. The cow staggers and drops on her knees, and a moment later down she goes, dead. Custer has killed his first buffalo; and, as he pulls up, he hears the cracking of pistols that tells of his friends being hard at work beside

How they fared, we shall hear next week. (To be continued—commenced in No. 363

## The Havoc She Wrought.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

HE was one of those men who commanded your admiration, your respect, your liking, and the first time Florence Hamilton met him she only did what every one did—what more than half the girls did who were introduced to Dr.

I think the primary cause of Dr. Sidney's suc I think the primary cause of Dr. Sidney's success among people was his beauty. There may be no end of learned disquisitions to prove that beauty can only appeal to ephemeral tastes, and that it is only admirable qualities that should command our admiration instead of physical attractions; but certain it is that a fine physical presence will attract and command on the spot, instantly, when a lack of it, backed by the most wonderful counterbalancing mental and moral charms, will cause their possessor to be ignominiously looked over.

Dr. Sidney was undeniably handsome, with a beauty that, while women adored it, men were bound, as well, to admire. He was manly and chivalrous as a prince; he was gentle and caressing in his manner and tone, to women, and yet

chivalrous as a prince; he was gentle and caressing in his manner and tone, to women, and yet no one had ever dreamed of calling him impressionable or susceptible. He was frank, fearless and decided in his way with men, and still he never had been called self-important or conceited, or anyway offensive.

He was generally conceded to be a gentleman of unusual skill and farsightedness in his profession; he was positively known to enjoy a widespread reputation, and a large, successful prac-

resision; ne was postavely known to enjoy a whoe-spread reputation, and a large, successful prac-tice. He was the center and soul of the social circles in which he moved when his business ad-mitted of such relation, which was not nearly as often as people wished. He was unmarried, well-to-do, kept up a charmingly hospitable establish-ment, over which his sister presided, and thirty-eight years old, about

eight years old, about.

Do you wonder, then, that Florence Hamilton fell in love with him almost as soon as she

I have said that Dr. Sidney was neither impressionable nor susceptible, and by that I mean not that he did not ardently admire women—pretty, agreeable, fascinating women—but that he was hardly the one to be falling in love with every pretty, agreeable, fascinating woman he saw. Once or twice in his life he had imagined himself in love, and once had been on the very verge of an engagement, but something had happened that made him take more time for consideration, and the result was when he met Florence Hamilton he was heart-whole and

fancy-free.
Of course he was perfectly aware how he was angled for. I do not think it would be possible for any one man or woman to be acknowledged so positively a favorite as Dr. Sidney was, to be to courted and petted, without being fully con-cious of it. But it did not particularly spoil um; and only tended to attract him to Florence

Hamilton when he discovered that she, and she only, was not extraordinarily gracious to him. She was a bewitching, winsome girl, not famous for her beauty, but yet better-looking than the majority of girls. She dressed well and suitably to the occasion, always. She was a fair acquisition to the society in which she took her place as quest and deavert friend of the Mayer. place as guest and dearest friend of the Merry-thornes; she played well, and sung well, and danced exquisitely. She was intelligent and educated, vivacious, without being vulgarly de-monstrative; she knew how to make her lady friends like her, and the gentlemen admire her. And she was betrothed, and had been for a year, to Rolf St. Lawrence, a rising young law-

er in her native city.

And she had looked on Dr. Sidney with her beautiful dark eyes, and, before she had been ac-quainted with him a week, was as much in love with him as though there existed no gentleman named Rolf St. Lawrence, whose ring she wore, whose kisses had been warm and eager on her

She had no idea of being false to Rolf St. Law-rence—paradoxical and incredible as the idea seems—even when she deliberately removed her engagement-ring from her fore-finger, and ar-ranged her plan of action toward Dr. Sidney, determining in her mind that since every other

girl petted and courted him in vain, she would adopt an opposite treatment—not in vain.

She did not have the remotest intention of throwing Rolf St. Lawrence over, for all she knew she was in love with Dr. Sidney, for all she had removed the tell-tale token of possession-shin

ship.
She knew in her heart she was a born flirt, if this god-like man, with the face and form of an Apollo, would, in all probability, be transient, and that she would eventually settle down to the ober, sensible life of content and happiness with lear old Rolf.

What harm would there be if she enjoyed a flirtation with Dr. Sidney, this splendid man of whom her cousins, Nettie and Gracie Merrythorne, had written until she felt she almost knew him? Nettie and Gracie had declared he was a predestinated bachelor, consequently she could do him no harm. She knew she would eventually marry Rolf, and be a model, demure wife; so, obviously, Dr. Sidney would do her no harm. Then why, in the name of all the cupids harm. Then why, in the name of all the cupids, might not her three months' visit to the Merry. thornes be enlivened and brightened by a gent

whether her conscience chided in vain or not at all, as Florence argued with herself her reasonings, I cannot say. But I do know that at a social reception held at Dr. and Miss Sidney's elegant home, a night or so later, she was at her very best, and when the house was quiet and empty of guests again, Dr. Sidney caught himempty of guests again, Dr. Sidney caught min-self thinking, with unusual interestedness, of the tall, gracefully-slender girl in trailing black silk, who wore cream and cardinal flowers in her who wore deather round white throat, and who had been so charmingly entertaining, and withal, just enough reserved to show she was above the weakness toward him of her compan-

ions in general.

And Dr. Sidney made up his mind he would cultivate Miss Hamilton's acquaintance further.

Two months of the three that were to consti tute Florence's visit to the Merrythornes had passed, and Florence and Dr. Sidney had come to be such intimate friends that people nodded and smiled knowingly when their names were spoken, and hints of jealousy and envy began to be darkly spread whenever Miss Hamilton was seen in Dr. Sidney's handsome little carriage; and Dr. Sidney himself was hourly coming to the conclusion that of all women he ever had seen or brown this own with how deet he islate. een or known, this one with her dark, bright seen or known, this one with her dark, oright eyes, the charmingly witching ways that had so slowly developed from pleasant indifference to positive yet ladylike interest, was the fairest, sweetest, best; and whom, God helping, he would win and wear so proudly.

And Florence?

This same sunshiny day when Dr. Sidney was driving his round dispussing words and decided

driving his round, dispensing words and deeds of cheer and comfort and hope and encourage ment, she was sitting in her room, reading a let ter the mail had just brought her from Rolf St Lawrence, and feeling, as she read it, how soon er delightful triumph here must be endedfeeling, with a strange thrill at her heart, that
—perhaps—perhaps she had not done wisely perhaps—well, she hoped such a glorious fellow as Dr. Sidney would not care when she wen

way, for good.

Would not care! Ah, if she had known how his very soul was stirred at thought of her!
She read Rolf St. Lawrence's letter slowly,
little flushes surging to her face at intervals.

"If you only knew how I have counted the hours you have been away, my darling, my little love, and how I am counting the minutes until you return. You never shall go away again, Florrie, without me—do you know that? When I think how near our marriage is—only a few weeks from your return—and that you will never go from me again—oh, Flor rie. darling, I am tempted to throw down my pen, and rush off to you, and take you in my arms and kiss you over and over and over, in my great happiness.

"They write your family, your father says, that

you are having a splendid time, and are the reign ing favorite on all sides. I want you to have a good time, dear, and let every one know what a precious treasure I possess; only, darling, don't flirt with any one enough to hurt them, for I know you are as true as steel, loyal and true as you know I am.

It would have been impossible for any woman to read Rolf St. Lawrence's letter and not realize, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he loved Florence Hamilton with all the fervor of his manhood, with all the tenderness of a grand, noble nature, and that, true and good himself, he pinned his faith, implicitly, upon her.

And Florence realized it with a sensation she could not describe, that was not proud delight that it was so, nor yet sorrow that she had been playing him false.

"He is a dear, good boy, and I suppose, of

playing him false.

"He is a dear, good boy, and I suppose, of course, I love him. But—"
But as she looked up, through the window, and caught a glance from Dr. Sidney's eyes as he leaned forward and bowed in passing in his carriage, she wondered again if she had not been nowice ay worse then nowice and in

carriage, she wondered again if she had not been unwise, ay, worse than unwise—cruel, in that she had now two such men to love her?

For days afterward, Florence was grave and quiet beyond her wont. For days she delayed the answer to Rolf St. Lawrence's letter, and Dr. Sidney's quick eyes discerned, that, though she persisted in declaring herself the victim to a slow, tedious headache, that there was something deeper than headache the matter, something beyond the power of medical aid.

thing deeper than headache the matter, something beyond the power of medical aid.

It was then, that Dr. Sidney made up his mind to tell her how he loved her—how he had come to regard all other good the gods had given him as nothing if she, too, might not be given to him; and only the sight of her sad eyes, her pale face, her dispirited ways, prevented him pouring all his confessions upon her. But he was generous and patient; so he decided it would be better not to take advantage of her transient mental or physical indisposition. nd the agonizing conflict that was being fought between hourly strengthening passion for Dr. Sidney, and hourly increasing, almost clamoring demands of conscience to be leal and true to her absent, unconscious, trusting lover. Step to the could not bring herself to answer Rolf St. Lawrence's tender, letter as it described. Lawrence's tender letter as it deserved, as she knew he confidently expected, and as was her wont to do; so, she penciled a postal card, beg-ging his forbearance and telling him she was

ging his forbearance and telling him she was not well, and would write him just as soon as it was possible for her.

It was just a merest bit of rest to her mind when she had done that, and the sparkle began to come to her eyes, and Dr. Sidney saw the returning color on her cheeks—poor, silly child—for such a short respite.

It was many evenings after this when Dr. Sidney had gone to the Merrythornes, deliberately decided that he would tell Florence his hopes, his wishes, and ask her, his own darling one, to promise to crown his life.

He went rather late, knowing she would be

He went rather late, knowing she would be alone, for he had sent her a note asking her to remain from the concert rehearsal the Misses Merrythorne were sure to attend, and the first he knew, as the servant admitted him, with rather a white, scared face, was, that his ser-vices were needed in the parlor, for Miss Flor-

vices were needed in the parlor, for Miss Florence had fainted.

He found her lying white and deathly on the lounge, with Mrs. Merrythorne bathing her temples and wrists with ammonia, and a young gentleman standing anxiously, solicitously by—a stranger whom he had never seen, to whom Mrs. Merrythorne hurriedly introduced him.

"Dr. Sidney, Mr. St. Lawrence, Mr. St. Lawrence, Dr. Sidney, Mr. St., doctor, how cold she is! What can be the matter?"

He sat down heside the prostrate cirl as fair.

What can be the matter?"

He sat down beside the prostrate girl, as fair as marble as she lay there, her dark lashes sweeping her cheeks, her lips ashen, her form rigid and tense. He looked at her, all his heart in his eyes, as he rendered the professional aid he could, and when she came out of the long, deathly swoon, his eyes were the first object her own saw, his loving, glad eyes, his loving, impassioned face.

"My darling! You are better!"
She made a little feeble motion with her hand, which he took, caressing it tenderly between his own as he spoke gently to her. "What made you faint, my dear child? Were

you frightened, or surprised unduly? Do you Mrs. Merrythorne looked fidgety. "Doctor, I think it must have been the sur-orise of seeing Mr. St. Lawrence coming in so mexpectedly. He—he—is her engaged hus-

Sidney suddenly dropped the white, limp hand and stood up, confronting the pallid-faced man, who had heard his betrothed wife called

darling" by this handsome, gentlemanly man "Do I understand, sir? Miss Hamilton is engaged to you?"
Rolf saw it all at a glance. He read aright the mute, proud suffering on Dr. Sidney loved face, and he knew that if Dr. Sidney loved Florence Hamilton, she loved Dr. Sidney!

"She is, Dr. Sidney. My coming to take her home—the surprise I intended should be as delightful as the meeting was to have been to me,

It was a tableau worthy of the represental of the ablest painter. The two men, face to face with their sad secret. The girl—pity her, pity her, sister, for she was less wicked than weak— lying like a blighted lily before them. Old Mrs. Merrythorne, the picture of stern astonish

and mortification and womanly pity.

Florence suddenly struggled up from the ouch, white to the very lips, and reached out "Don't look so at me! I couldn't help loving

you! I do love you, I do! Oh, Rolf!"—and she surned passionately toward him—"Rolf, won't you forgive me—won't you release me?"
A smile like a late burst of wintry sunshine at nset was on his face.
Oh, yes. I will forgive you. It is so easy

to forgive such a wrong as you have done me.
Release you that you may go free to your latest over? Certainly." The quiet, reserved passion in his tones made Mrs. Merrythorne shiver; and Florence sprung at him, taking his hands.

"Rolf! You look as if you could murder me.

But I release you. I will forgive

ou. Good-by—all."

He went out so matter-of-factly that, in view of the circumstances, Mrs. Merrythorne went after him, almost fearing—she knew not what. But she need not have feared. He meditated no rash act. He went away, to the hotel, from thence home—but, oh, so differently from what he had anticipated!

two were alone, Florence sunk trembling on the sofa, wondering what Dr. Sidney would say—this grand, glorious lover, who had whispered "darling" only a moment ago, who had loved her, whom she had won, for whom she had doomed one soul to suffering until God in his own time should easy to suffering until God in his own time should easy to suffer in til God in his own time should send relief

The silence became unendurable; and at last, in a passion of love and imploration, Florence flung her hands away from her eyes and started up to confront him and plead her own cause— tell him not to censure her, for she had done it all for love of him, and surely he would heed that argument, and take her to his heart, and bid her forget her sin in his love.

But—she was alone. Dr. Sidney had gone,

without a word—without a sign!

And she knew it was a token that the measure he had meted out was measured to her!

She never spoke with, or saw him, except at a out of the fire refined and purified, and is the more thoughtful, tender, patient than before— if that could be. He is not unhappy, nor lonesome, and only occasional memories of Florence's sweet face haunt him.

Rolf St. Lawrence has never married. He could not stand the discipline of disappointment as Dr. Sidney, with his finer nature, did. He is as Dr. Sidney, with his finer nature, did. He is a morose man, who hates womankind and avoids them. He has grown shiftless and cynical, and will be, eventually, a wreck of a man. While Florence Hamilton, who could not resist the opportunity to flirt a little, is old, faded, and living out her days with the bitter knowledge of the havoc she wrought for time, and perhaps for eternity.

Girls, heed the lesson. It may be sport while lit lasts, but no mortal eve or human hand can

it lasts, but no mortal eye or human hand can measure the infinity of result of a flirtation.

### Old Arkansaw's Ruse.

BY OLL COOMES.

"Boys," said young Templeton, in a serious tone, "we are doomed. We had better take the chances in fighting our way out of here than remain here and starve to death. Those savages

main here and starve to death. Those savages are determined to have our scalps."

The speaker was a young man scarcely twenty years of age. He was dressed in the garb peculiar to the frontier, and well armed, as were his companions also. A look of utter despondency overshadowed the features of the youth for an inevitable death stared them in the face.

The little party, numbering ten men, had been surrounded by a large body of Indians three

The little party, numbering ten men, had been surrounded by a large body of Indians three days previous, and taking refuge in a dry basin in the valley of the Arkansas, had kept up a desperate resistance through the boiling heat of three August days. In this time their supplies had been exhausted, and nothing but death by starvation or the Indian tomahawk seemed to experit them.

starvation or the Indian tomahawk seemed to await them.

"No, boys," said Old Arkansaw, the hunter who had been acting as guide to the party; "never give up till the last dorg's dead. Thar's a few frogs in this puddle yit, and as long as they last we'll not starve. I like frogs, I do, for a fact. To-night I'm goin' out arter supplies. I'll bet you I git through that Indian line, or bleed."

You'll bleed, Arkansaw," said Templeton, in

"You'll bleed, Arkansaw," said Templeton, in whose breast all hopes had died.
"Wait and see," said the old borderman.
And wait they did. Night set in rather dark, and Old Arkansaw took leave of his friends and struck out upon his hazardous journey.
The Indians, a hundred strong, were posted upon all sides. East of their position rolled the Arkansas river. West of them a long, steep hill rose gradually up almost to the sky. Its summit was crowned with a heavy growth of timber, but the side sloping toward the besieged was smooth and unbroken. Half-way up this hill the Indians had posted a warrior to keep a watch upon the whites and signal to those below any movement the besieged were likely to make; for

upon the whites and signal to those below any movement the besieged were likely to make; for from the hillside the Indian could command a view of the whites' position during the day.

All through that dreary night the little band of hunters stood ready, with rifle in hand, to meet the foe, for an assault was hourly expected. But hour after hour wore away, and at last the light of another day burst over them.

And still Old Arkansaw was absent.

The Indian took his watch upon the long hill against which the morning sun blazed like a sa-

gainst which the morning sun blazed like a sa-

crificial fire.

Hunger and fear were written upon the wan faces of the little party of besieged. They knew Old Arkansaw could not get back before night, for alone under the darkness would he dare pass hose deadly lines.

Another day under the scorching summer sun was to be endured. as to be endured.

A yell from a hundred savage throats suddenburst upon the morning air, and sent a chill
horror to the hearts of our friends. They

elt sure it was a signal for a general attack, and nerved themselves for the final ordeal. To their happy disappointment, however, they saw that Indians were swarming up the hill in-stead of toward them; and the object that at-tracted the savages' attention filled them with

no little wonderment.
Out of the woods darted a huge white object upon wheels. It was a canvas-covered wagon—one of those heavy military wagons so extensively used in the mountain districts of the far West. There were no animals hitched to it, but obeying the laws of gravitation, it shot from the woods and came thundering down the long steep hill with lightning rapidity, guided directly toward the besieged by some invisible power. The savages, mistrusting its import at the no little wonderment. The savages, mistrusting its import at the first sight, streamed up the hill with the evident intention of intercepting the vehicle. Three or four, that were in advance, threw themselves in wagon with drawn tomahawks; ut the wheeled monster dashed on over them as though they had been mere blades of grass.
Other red-skins rushed up in the path of the
thundering giant only to be dashed aside and
crushed to death beneath his iron tread. In a

lls of dismay became mingled with the rumble A mounted savage, the chief of the tribe, seeing his warriors ridden down by the vehicle, dashed up alongside the thundering wagon, and endeavored to strip the canvas from its bows; but as he put out his hand to seize the covering, it was grasped by strong hands inside, and the ext instant the chief was lifted bodily into the vagon, from which a shout of triumph soon

rippled warriors, and groans of agony and

On sped the wagon, and away over the plain dashed the riderless pony of the chief.

The savages attempted to follow the wagon, but in their excitement they forgot the unerring rifles cooped up at the foot of the hill, until reminded of the fact by a deadly fire which caused Straight on toward the basin glided the rumling wagon, its speed increasing at every step. Our friends, watching behind the banks of the asin, suddenly heard a voice in the wagon call

Ease up on the rubber, pard, afore the criter slips out of her skin. Then followed the horrible creak of the wheels rinding against the locks, and a moment later he wagon came to a stand upon the very edge

A shout rose from the wagon, and Old Arkan-

saw and two other white men, with the chief in custody, thrust their heads from the cov-ered vehicle and indulged in a fit of excited What'd I tell you, boys? Didn't I tell you I'd bring supplies?" exclaimed Old Arkansaw. "Here's yer buffaler-meat by the wagon-load."

A shout of joy pealed from the lips of his young friends.
"You see," the old hunter continued, "I met these fellers on the road for the fort with a supply of meats for the soldiers; and so I induced them to help us out, and as they're wholesouled men, they did so. They took their wag-on to the top of the hill, onhitched their mules, fact them ropes to the end of the pole to guide the wagon, and then let her slip. It worked like a charm, but Lordy! it war fun to see them Ingins tryin' to catch her as she come scoot-in' down the hill like a avalence! I hearn down the hill like an avalanche! I hearn

more'n one carcass crunch under the wheels, and this chief—well, boys, thar's a bounty on his skulp, and we'll jist rake the cash in on it. But we're not out of this, yet," said Tem-

"Never you fear," replied the old hunter, "a nurricane is liable to strike them red-skins at

And he spoke the truth; for late that day a company of United States dragoons swooped down upon the red foe with flaming swords.

WHEN the Breton mariner puts to sea his prayer is: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and Thy ocean so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of